

"ALIEN NATIONS"
"O U T E R H E A T"

Original Screenplay

by

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Rewrite

by

James Cameron

REVISED: 2 October 1987

FADE IN

1

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY (TELEVISION IMAGE)

1

A LONG LENS SHOT of a far distant metallic object hovering just above the ground -- maybe two or three miles away. The heat waves and the light refraction off the desert-scape make the object undulate rhythmically, keeping its true shape and appearance indistinct.

The VIDEO CAMERA recording this scene zooms back, then pans over -- revealing a semicircle of US Army vehicles and personnel. Army Engineers with their tripod-mounted scopes and binoculars are shoulder to shoulder with the armed infantry. Everyone stares off at the same point on the horizon. Waiting.

The VIDEO CAMERA movements are HANDHELD, unsteady, as it moves through the line of Army personnel to reveal a second, less organized semicircle of observers fifty yards behind the Army. LOCALS from nearby towns perch in truck beds and on car roofs, Budweiser and Fritos at hand, eyes glued to the distant object.

The VIDEO CAMERA image climbs up onto the roof of a parked local TV van, finds the object again in the distance, zooms in, and waits, like everyone else.

Abruptly the VIDEO IMAGE contracts, becoming a box CHROMAKEYED behind CNN reporter DUNCAN CRAIS.

CRAIS

That was the scene in California's Mojave Desert three years ago today -- the historic first view of the Newcomer ship upon its dramatic arrival. As with the assassination of John Kennedy, who among us does not remember exactly where he was that October nineteenth morning, when the news first broke: that people have landed... from another star.

We PULL BACK from a large television set to reveal...

2

INT. A CROWDED BAR, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

2

The Hollowpoint Lounge -- a cop bar.

The off-duty uniformed and plainclothes cops are mostly ignoring the TV, except for two detectives, FEDORCHUK and ALTEREZ, who are waiting for the ball scores.

FEDORCHUK

I remember where I was -- pissing off my balcony at the neighbor's dog!

Others laugh.

ALTEREZ

(yells at Crais on TV)

Get to the goddamn ball scores!

(CONTINUED)

★
★
★
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★

ON THE TV SCREEN, an on-location interview with a CAL-TECH PROFESSOR comes up. Her name and title appear across the bottom of the screen.

CAL-TECH PROFESSOR

From the time mankind first gazed up at the stars there had been speculation about a visit by people from "out there." How ironic that when that first contact was made, the two hundred and sixty thousand occupants aboard the craft were as surprised as we were about their arrival. That they awakened from frozen hibernation to find their malfunctioning autopilot had landed them here by mistake.

The CNN reporter, Duncan Crais, appears again.

CRAIS

These "Newcomers," we soon learned, were a genetically-engineered race, adapted for hard labor in almost any environmental condition. In effect, their ship was a slave ship... washed ashore on Earth with no way to get back to where they came from...

A dishwasher tray filled with beer glasses CUTS ACROSS FRAME, and we PAN WITH IT as it is slammed down on the countertop.

Now an interview with a FRESNO HOUSEWIFE standing outside a supermarket comes on the TV SCREEN.

FRESNO HOUSEWIFE

When the Newcomers were first let out of the ship, they were quarantined in a camp not ten miles from the town here. You can imagine how the people around here felt about that. But once they were released from the camp and we got a chance to know them, we saw what nice, quiet people they really are...

revealing a MASSIVE ALIEN FIGURE in a filthy white bus-boy's uniform. His back is to us as he picks up two trays from the counter. The bartender is dwarfed by

(CONTINUED)

3

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3

this Newcomer, but works around him without apparent concern. Fedorchuk addresses the alien busboy.

FEDORCHUK

Hey, Henry, how you doin' tonight?
Workin' hard?

The Newcomer turns -- his face is humanoid, but disturbingly alien.

FEDORCHUK

You got your green card, buddy?
You didn't leave home without it?

The cops at the bar crack up. Henry looks at Fedorchuk-- his eyes carrying no malice...or pain. He merely blinks.

CUT TO:

4

EXT. STREETS/INT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

4 *

An explosion of color and movement as OPENING TITLES PLAY very quickly. We're TRAVELING the streets in an n.d. sedan, getting MOVING GLIMPSES of the aliens living among us now:

-- A coffee shop where aliens eat at some window tables.

-- A Newcomer leaving a night school with an armload of books.

-- A city park where a number of alien families have gathered to play some arcane alien game.

SYKES

Jeez...they call that gang-bang a
game...?

-- A billboard for Pepsi featuring an alien.

-- The sedan has pulled to a stop at a red light. Suddenly a hand thumps against the glass next to Sykes' head...an alien hand. Sykes jumps. It's a NEWCOMER DERELICT standing there, weaving, mumbling in his own language. In one filthy hand he holds a quart carton of milk. We know immediately what he wants. Sykes rolls down the window.

SYKES

Take a hike.

Sykes gets a whiff of the derelict's breath as the light changes and the sedan pulls away, leaving him in the street. Sykes grimaces at the smell.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4 *

SYKES

(continuing)

Why's it have to be sour milk that these guys get wasted on? What the hell's wrong with Jack Daniels, or Thunderbird for chrissakes?

(beat; disgusted)

Slagtown. Shit...

-- Aliens hanging around outside their homes.

-- Alien hookers plying their trade.

SYKES

Hope their plumbing's the same.

TUGGLE

It is.

(and Sykes gives him a look)

-- A Newcomer lowrider pulls up beside the slugmobile.

-- An alien couple exit a theatre playing "Terminator III."

-- An alien wig shop.

5

ANGLE

5

TITLES END, and we start to PULL BACK into the slugmobile and HEAR:

TUGGLE (O.S.)

So you gonna go, or you not gonna go?

6

INT-SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

6

The dashboard is littered with fast-food detritus and two coffees in styrofoam cups making fog circles on the windshield. A hand picks up one of the coffees and we FOLLOW IT to a face, a forty-year-old cop face that's seen some wear and tear -- behind the wheel is MATT SYKES. Beside him is his partner of nine years, BILL TUGGLE. Tuggle expertly munches on a slice of pizza as he talks.

SYKES

How can I go?

(CONTINUED)

TUGGLE

Put on your wash-and-wear suit and your clip-on tie, have your landlady tie your shoes for you, and show up at the church. Simple.

(beat)

Me and Carol are going.

SYKES

What?

TUGGLE

Hey, look -- we've known Kristin since... since she was conceived in that cabin up in Big Bear. Remember? You and Edie banged the wall so hard, me and Carol were picking plaster out of our hair for a week...

SYKES

Goddammit, Tug -- I want to see Kristin get married, okay? But --

TUGGLE

But you're bummed because your ex and her new husband are paying for the whole thing.

SYKES

Shit, if Kristin had to get married where I could afford it, we'd be holding the reception at Buddy's Burgers.

*
*

Sykes stares out the window, wallowing in his pissed-off mood. Then he spots something that twinges his street-cop radar.

SYKES

Uh-oh... Check it out.

THROUGH THE WINDOW Tuggle sees what Sykes sees: two ALIENS in long coats moving down the sidewalk, entering a mom-and-pop mini-mart on the corner. One of them wears dark glasses and a red bandana (KIPLING): the other has on a black vinyl raincoat.

SYKES

Does that look at all suspicious to you?

TUGGLE

Whatever gave you that idea?

7

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

7

Sykes continues up a quarter of a block, pulls to the curb among other parked cars.

8

INT. SEDAN NIGHT

8

Sykes is already pulling his gun. Tuggle quickly reaches for the radio in the glovebox.

TUGGLE

This is one-Henry-seven, we've got a possible two-eleven in progress at Porter's Mini-Mart, corner of Court and Alvarado. Requesting backup.

(CONTINUED)

SYKES

(over the above, impulsive
Sykes is already opening
his door and climbing out)
Let's do it, partner.

Tuggle drops the radio mike and follows Sykes as the
Radio Dispatcher confirms the call.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The two cops, guns in hand, move along the row of parked
cars across the street from the mini-mart. Through the
store window they see the old alien PROPRIETOR behind
the counter. His eyes go wide as Kipling whips back his
coat and yanks out a short combat pump-shotgun and aims
it right at him. The Raincoat alien pulls an identical
gun and covers the door.

Sykes and Tuggle react to the firepower inside.

SYKES

You got your vest?

TUGGLE

Of course. Right in the trunk
of the car.

SYKES

Yeah, that's comforting. Mine,
too.

Through the store window the robbery continues in
pantomime. Kipling gestures viciously with the shot-
gun, yelling orders in the alien language. The
Proprietor is quickly filling a paper bag with cash from
the register. The PROPRIETOR'S WIFE, a middle-aged alien
woman, stands in the doorway from the back, frozen in
fear. The Raincoat alien dances from foot to foot, antsy,
wired.

Sykes and Tuggle crouch at the car directly across the
street from the store entrance.

TUGGLE

Watch the driver. I'm going for
a better angle on the door.

SYKES

I got him. Don't get pinned.

Tuggle leaves the cover provided by the car, runs cater-
corner across the intersection.

(CONTINUED)

9

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9

Through the store window Sykes sees Kipling grab the bag of cash, shove it in his coat pocket. Bills fall out, but he doesn't care. Then, without warning, Kipling whips up the twelve gauge and blows a hole in the Proprietor's chest! The Proprietor slams back against shelves, slides to the floor. Kipling leans over the counter and FIRES another round into the Proprietor.

SYKES

(under his breath)

Aw, shit.

Tuggle is almost across the street when he hears the shots.

The human DRIVER of the getaway car (parked at the curb a few doors down from the mini-mart) glances up, spots Tuggle. He leans on the HORN, reaches for a machine pistol on the seat next to him.

A10

INT. MINI-MART - NIGHT

A10

Kipling and Raincoat alien react to the horn honk. They spot Tuggle through the store window and open fire -- **BLASTING THROUGH THE GLASS.**

A civilian car enters the intersection. The engine is hit by shotgun fire, and the car skids to a stop in the intersection, steam rising from the radiator.

*
*
*

B10

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

B10

Tuggle dives behind a lamp post.

The Driver is out of the car now, brings up the machine pistol to fire at Tuggle. Sykes sees this and opens fire at the Driver. The Driver turns and fires at Sykes. Sykes ducks down, and the car he's hiding behind is sprayed with bullets.

A forty-foot moving van pulls down the street between Sykes and the Driver. Once the thruck is past, Sykes is standing behind the bullet-riddled car, gun ready. He rapid-fires -- creaming the human Driver.

Tuggle is pinned down behind the thin lamp post by the shotgun fire from Kipling and Raincoat alien.

*

SYKES

Get outta there!

(CONTINUED)

TUGGLE

I can't! Do you mind!

SYKES

I'll cover you! Get outta there!!

Sykes rises and runs across the street toward the getaway car, firing toward the store as he goes.

Kipling and Raincoat dodge behind cover.

Tuggle seizes the opportunity, jumps from behind the lamp post and runs to the stalled civilian car. He slides across the hood and drops behind the car for cover. Tuggle slowly pokes his head up to peer through the car window. His gaze is met by the face of the OLD MAN driver who is still inside the car.

OLD MAN

Can I get out now?

TUGGLE

Move it!

Sykes doesn't have a clear firing line on the aliens in the store. As he considers his next move --

Tuggle fires at the two aliens. They return fire and he slides down to safety behind the car. Or so he thinks. Glass rains down on him as the car windows are cremated by the shotgun blasts. He flinches as another blast hits the car. He looks over. There's a big exit hole in the fender beside him. THE SHOT WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE CAR. Another exit hole is BLASTED, inches from his shoulder.

Panicked, he scrambles along the side of the car--BLASTS and exit holes following him until he reaches the front of the car. He has nowhere left to go and --

-- a BLAST comes through the car and catches him squarely in the chest, throwing him back onto the street.

Sykes' head jerks around--in time to see his partner of nine years blown away.

Kipling keeps firing in Tuggle's direction until his shotgun CLICKS empty.

C10

INT. MINI-MART - NIGHT

C10

Kipling grabs Raincoat and throws him toward the back exit of the store. The shotgun falls from Raincoat's hands. The two of them run out the back.

D10

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

D10

Sykes runs to Tuggle's spread-eagled body. One glance is enough. Nobody ever looked deader.

SYKES

Aw shit, Tug, Jesus! Goddamn it!

He stares, shocked and incredulous. He can't find a way to think or feel about this. Then we see him going crazy right before our eyes, the rage rawling. He takes off toward the store as SIRENS are HEARD rapidly approaching in background.

10

INT. MINI-MART - NIGHT

10

Sykes moves through like a locomotive skidding on broken glass, bangs through the rear exit.

11

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

11

Sykes catches sight of the two aliens just as they round the corner at the far end of the alley. He takes off, quickly cranking up to full speed.

12

EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT

12

Sykes rounds the corner. Doesn't see them anymore. He slows... moves along this street with some caution. Lots of shadows, lots of hiding places. Sykes HEARS a NOISE, looks up... just in time to see Raincoat on a high, huge billboard. He cuts loose with the shotgun. Sykes dives. Huge chunks of the crate he dives behind fly off into the night. Sykes, on his belly, scrambles deeper among the crates.

Raincoat's shotgun CLICKS empty now. He drops it, swings down off the fire escape, runs off.

Sykes is up again in a flash, pounding after him.

13

EXT. TUNNEL STREET - NIGHT

13

Sykes rounds this second corner, races down the street. The only route they could've taken is through a tunnel up ahead. Sykes approaches the tunnel, all senses wide open.

14

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

14

The murkiness of the tunnel engulfs him as he moves through the mouth. He tries to control his breathing so he can hear. The only SOUND is his own shoes scuffing along the asphalt.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

Then he HEARS -- another set of FOOTSTEPS. Rapid foot-steps, coming toward him, ECHOING. He can't tell from which direction! He spins, just as a LARGE SHAPE lunges for him with an alien CRY.

It's the wired Raincoat alien. Sykes gets his gun up just in time and FIRES -- once, twice, three times. Raincoat alien is knocked backwards to the wet asphalt by the blasts. Sykes approaches the body slowly. With an inhuman ROAR, the alien snaps forward, lunging at Sykes with outstretched arms. Sykes jumps back, startled, and FIRES twice more at the pale figure. Raincoat goes down and stays down.

Sykes relaxes for the briefest moment. Then he HEARS it... a distinctive CLINKING SOUND, metal on metal. Sykes looks up and -- Kipling drops down on him from directly above! Sykes goes down in a heap. He's managed to hold onto the gun and as Kipling comes for him, he swings his gun hand around. Kipling sees it, lashes out, slamming the gun from Sykes' hand. Sykes tries to get to his feet, but the alien grabs him and flings him down the tunnel.

A SIREN is HEARD approaching in background.

Kipling moves in to deliver the coup de grace. As he draws near, Sykes HEARS that distinctive CLINKING SOUND again.

15

SYKES'S P.O.V.

15

Though his vision is BLURRED, Sykes still gets a good look at an exotic silver bracelet on the alien's wrist. The strands of this bracelet are what make the CLINKING NOISE.

16

ANGLE

16

The alien rears back, and as he does, the approaching SIREN suddenly WAILS louder as a backup patrol car swings onto the street heading this way. Kipling sees this and leaves Sykes, running off down the dark tunnel.

17

ON SYKES

17

dazed, struggling to rise. WE HEAR running FOOTSTEPS approaching. Sykes turns, his eyes wild and unfocused.

18

SYKES'S P.O.V.

18

An OUT-OF-FOCUS ALIEN FACE looming over him.

19

ANGLE

19

Sykes whips around in a roundhouse swing with all his weight on it, pistoning his fist straight into the alien face. The alien, caught by surprise and off balance, sprawls backwards OUT OF FRAME. Sykes is grabbed by a human uniformed cop, as he tries to swing again.

HUMAN COP

Whoa, whoa... hold it. Take it
easy.

(to alien on the ground)

You okay?

Sykes stops struggling and his eyes focus. He looks at the alien he just decked, sprawled on his ass ten feet away. The alien is a uniformed cop... his name is JETSON.

JETSON

I am all right.

He gets up. A trickle of purple blood runs from his nose.

HUMAN COP

I better call in.

He moves off. Jetson moves toward Sykes and the Raincoat alien's body. Sykes tenses, thinking Jetson might retaliate in some way. But Jetson simply steps past him to kneel beside the dead alien. He checks for a pulse on the underside of the dead alien's upper arm. Nothing. Sykes is holding his punching hand in obvious pain. He struggles to rise. Jetson gets an arm around him to help him up.

JETSON

Your hand will require attention.

Sykes roughly jerks himself free of Jetson's grip.

SYKES

Get the hell away from me! I
don't need your goddamn help.

He almost loses his balance and has to steady himself against the tunnel wall. Sykes leans there, the picture of impotent rage and frustration. Jetson looks at him, with that slight inquisitive expression aliens exhibit when trying to understand human nature.

DISSOLVE TO:

20

EXT. MINI-MART - NIGHT

20

OPEN on Tuggle's body, as the body bag is zipped up over his face, and the litter is lifted into the back of the Coroner's wagon.

WIDEN to reveal Sykes, standing nearby, watching. The Wagon pulls out, and Sykes turns, moving past all the LAPD black-and-whites and forensics wagons, and COPS (two of them aliens) and DETECTIVES, and RUBBERNECKERS (some aliens). He moves into:

21

INT. MINI-MART - NIGHT

21

The CRIME SCENE TEAM is checking for prints, digging slugs out of the wall, photographing everything. Several UNIFORMED COPS mill around. Sykes moves aimlessly around the room like a stranger at a party.

The Proprietor's Wife stands near the body in a strange rigid posture, a thin, mournful KEENING SOUND coming from her lips. A harried female uniformed cop is trying to get her away from the body, but can't get her to budge.

MINKLER, a ballistics guy, is tagging the pump-shotgun the Raincoat alien dropped here. NATUZZI, a mean-looking veteran uniform cop is with him.

NATUZZI

Looks like a standard combat pump-action.

MINKLER

It is.

NATUZZI

So what punched holes clear through that car out there?

Minkler pulls an evidence baggie from his work box. Inside are four unfired twelve gauge shells.

MINKLER

BRI Sabot slugs. These puppies are nasty. Two plastic sabots fall away in flight leaving a fifty-caliber slug going two thousand feet per second. Tug might as well've been hiding behind a rosebush.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

Minkler senses somebody has just stepped up beside him. He looks. It's Sykes.

NATUZZI

Pretty heavy artillery for knocking over a liquor store.

A new voice enters the conversation.

FRANCISCO (O.S.)

An identical round was used in the shooting of a Newcomer named Hubley, two days ago.

Sykes turns -- surprised, and not especially pleased to see the voice is Francisco's.

MINKLER

Yeah? So why the extra fire power?

FRANCISCO

Perhaps because even the larger caliber handguns aren't always effective against my people.

SYKES

(mulls this, then)

You saying there's some connection to this other homicide?

Before Francisco can say, the female cop who was talking to the Proprietor's Wife steps up.

FEMALE COP

Hey, give me a hand with this woman, will ya Francisco? We've got to get her to Division for her statement and she won't budge.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

JETSON

(to Sykes)

Excuse me.

And he moves off with his partner. Sykes calls after him, but Jetson is already approaching the woman and doesn't turn.

SYKES

So, you think there's a connection,
or what? Hey!

CUT TO:

A22 EXT. SYKES'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A22

The slug-mobile pulls up. A drained Sykes moves up the walk to his front door.

22 INT. SYKES'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

22

Sykes enters his apartment, an untidy bachelor place decorated with negative taste. It's obviously the maid's decade off.

By rote, he hits the rewind switch on the answering machine on his way into the kitchen. The tape rewinds. He opens the fridge. Not much here. Left-over take-out pizza carton. Left-over take-out Chinese food cartons. Left-over take-out burger wrappers.

The answering machine message begins -- he glances over his shoulder as he HEARS his daughter's VOICE. During the following, he reaches into the fridge. Brings out a milk carton that's in his way, sets it on the counter. Reaches in again and this time brings out a bottle of Stoly. Then searches for a semi-clean glass.

KRISTIN'S VOICE

(bouncy, bride-to-be
happy)

Hi, Daddy, it's me. I'm over at Danny's parents' house... talking about Sunday, natch. I thought maybe you'd be home by now. Anyway, uh, nothing really. I just wanted to call and say I love you. I love you, Daddy.

(CONTINUED)

KRISTIN'S VOICE

(she giggles)

Uh-oh, I shouldn't'a done that. Knowing you, you'll probably pull this tape out of your machine and save it -- in that drawer where you keep every card I ever gave you, and all of my old baby teeth... gross! Anyway, Daddy, don't save this tape -- but I do love you, and I'll talk to you before Sunday.

(beat)

Oh, Tug and Carol came by and met Danny last week.

(Sykes stiffens)

Danny thought Tug was the greatest -- but, then, who doesn't? Anyway, love you, talk to you soon. 'Bye.

The machine BEEPS and HISSES. Sykes takes the glass and the bottle of vodka, crosses back toward the living room, switching off the answering machine as he goes.

Then he stops, turns back, takes the message tape out of the machine and tosses it into a drawer.

FADE TO:

Sykes enters, stirring a jumbo coffee. He's slept about four hours, and his face looks like he went a few with Hagler. He crosses straight to Fedorchuk's desk.

SYKES

So what've you got on Tuggle's killers?

FEDORCHUK

Jesus, Sykes -- it's been less than ten hours. Me and Alterez are on it, okay?

SYKES

You don't have squat.

FEDORCHUK

You ever try to make a case in Slagtown? The list of Newcomer informants is about as long as the list of Mexican war heroes...

(CONTINUED)

Up yours.

ALTEREZ

FEDORCHUK

...Nobody talks to nobody down there.
Half of them don't speak English and
the other half only when it suits
them. It's gonna take some time.

SYKES

Yeah, I know it's gonna take time.
Like until the Ice Capades opens
in Hell, with you two on it.

Across the room, the Captain's door BANGS open and
CAPTAIN WARNER pounds out, his deep voice booming through
the squad room.

WARNER

Nobody wanders off! I got an
announcement. Get your asses
back in here.

Two detectives on their way out, stop, and head back into
the room. Everybody gathers around, curious, as Warner
stands holding a sheet of paper.

WARNER

I'll make this short. This is a
directive from Chief Evaner, who
is acting on orders from the Mayor,
who is under mandate from the
Federal Bureau of Newcomer Relations.
As of nine o'clock this morning, one
Newcomer uniform officer has been
promoted to the rank of Detective,
third grade.

The detectives GROAN... some angrier ones grumble, "This
is bullshit!", etc.

WARNER

And we've got him, gentlemen.
(more groans)
Volunteers for duty with the new
detective should see me in my
office... otherwise I will choose
a volunteer myself. That is all.

He turns and heads back to his office in the wake of
continued grumbling from the detectives. Sykes, standing
to one side, absently watches Warner return to his glass-
walled office. Waiting inside are a balding man and an
alien in a grey suit. Sykes reacts. The alien in the
suit is Jetson.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (2)

23

The grumbling continues around him as Sykes considers something.

FEDORCHUK
Unbelievable bullshit.

ALTEREZ
How long has this Slag been on
the force? A year, rax -- right?

DETECTIVE
I don't know about the rest of you,
but I sure as hell ain't gonna sit
still for this. I'm calling the
union, pronto.

Others grumble. "Yeah!". Meanwhile, Sykes has decided something. He heads toward Warner's office. Fedorchuk sees this.

FEDORCHUK
Where the hell is he going?

24

INT. WARNER'S OFFICE - DAY

24

Sykes KNOCKS and enters.

WARNER
Yeah, Sykes?

SYKES
Captain. I'd like to volunteer
for duty with the new detective.

Warner is surprised. He never expected Sykes.

WARNER
...All right. Detective Sergeant
Sykes, this is Detective... Jetson.

JETSON
We have met.

Warner looks up, clocking this. He looks at Sykes,
starting to smell something fishy.

The balding man, GOLDRUP, rises to shake their hands.

GOLDRUP
Victor Goldrup, Mayor's office.
Congratulations, gentlemen.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Warner is starting to suspect what Sykes is up to.

WARNER

(to Sykes)

You are to have nothing to do with the investigation into Bill Tuggle's death. You know that. Leave that for Fedorchuk.

SYKES

(nodding)

Departmental policy.

WARNER

(to Jetson)

You?

JETSON

Yes, sir.

WARNER

Good.

SYKES

There's another case I'd like to take. A homicide -- a Newcomer named Hubley.

Jetson looks over at Sykes, knows he's up to something. Sykes avoids his look.

WARNER

Granger and Pitts are already on it.

SYKES

Granger and Pitts have one hell of a caseload... and I would have thought with Jetson here being the first Newcomer plainclothes, and Hubley's body being found over in the Newcomer community...

WARNER

Don't tell me what to think.

GOLDRUP

He's got a point. That's the sort of thing we should be doing with this early advancement program...

Long-suffering Warner looks up at Goldrup, then finally sighs with resignation. Sykes grins.

CUT TO:

25 INT. STAIRWELL/FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY 25

The steel door BANGS open and Sykes and Francisco exit. Next to Sykes's slept-in look, Francisco in his grey suit looks like a Jehovah's Witness canvasser. They move past all the black-and-whites pulling out on p.m. watch during:

SYKES

...and we work my hours. I'll do the driving, you do the paperwork. You gotta learn it so you might as well do it all.

FRANCISCO

(after a moment)

Sergeant... I'd like to thank you for what you're doing.

SYKES

What's that?

(then realizing)

Look, Francisco. Get this straight in your head. We're not pals, we're not married, and we ain't gonna take long moonlit walks together... We're just partners. And don't call me Sergeant. Call me Sykes... or Matt if you have to.

FRANCISCO

I am Samuel.

Sykes nods absently, and they walk on... four and a half steps to be exact. Then it hits Sykes. He seizes up cold.

SYKES

Wait a minute. Samuel? Sam Francisco?

Francisco nods...he's used to this. Sykes cracks up.

(ALTERNATE)

SYKES

(continuing; between laughs)

Man, somebody really hung one on you! I've heard some good ones for you guys...Humphrey Bogart, Harley Davidson. I guess the people at Immigration got a little punchy after a while, coming up with names for a quarter of a million of you. You weren't at the back of the line, were you, Sam?

(CONTINUED)

Francisco nods...he's used to this.

FRANCISCO

Yes, I know...(singing) 'I left my hearts in San Francisco...'

Sykes cracks up.

SYKES

(between laughs)

Man, somebody really hung one on you! I've heard some good ones for you guys...Humphrey Bogart, Harley Davidson. I guess the people at Immigration got a little punchy after a while, coming up with names for a quarter of a million of you. You weren't at the back of the line, were you, Sam?

SYKES

That's it! You got it.

(still chuckling)

I've heard some good ones for you guys... Humphrey Bogart, Harley Davidson. I guess the people at Immigration got a little punchy after a while, coming up with names for a quarter of a million of you. You weren't at the back of the line, were you, George?

JETSON

My true name is Ss'tangya T'ssorentsa'.

SYKES

Gesundheit. You don't mind if I stick to George, do you?

A26

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING AREA - DAY

A26

They approach Sykes's ugly sedan, the slug-mobile.

SYKES

Anyway, what's it matter to you if we think it's funny, right? Whatta you care?

JETSON

That is exactly so.

(completely deadpan)

It is like your name... Sykes. I'm sure it doesn't bother you at all that it sounds like "ss'ai k'ss", two words in my language which mean "excrement" and "cranium".

Sykes looks at him, perplexed.

JETSON

"Shit... head".

Jetson gets in and slams the door, leaving Sykes standing there, the smirk dropping from his face.

CUT TO:

26

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - DAY

26

They're cruising along in downtown traffic. Sykes drives. Jetson is somewhat cramped in the passenger seat.

(CONTINUED)

SYKES
Let's talk Hubley.

JETSON
(refers to a folder
he holds)
His body was discovered three days
ago, in an alley off of Central
Avenue, near downtown.

SYKES
With two BRI sabot slugs in the
chest.

JETSON
(gently correcting him)
Through the chest. Rupturing both
the primary and secondary hearts.

SYKES
(out the window)
Nice signal, dickwad!

Jetson is momentarily thrown by this outburst from Sykes.
Then...

JETSON
He was employed at the Northwest
Petroleum Refinery in Torrance.
He was manager of the Methane
Facility. He was also a principle
partner in a real estate venture
to develop low-cost housing for
Newcomers.

Sykes grimaces at the mention of "Newcomer housing".

SYKES
Terrific. A real pillar of the
community.
(beat)
Was Hubley missing anything when
they found him? Was he ripped off?

JETSON
(checks file)
There was no wallet... but he was
still wearing a watch and two rings.

(CONTINUED)

SYKES

The guys at the mini-mart last night made a half-assed stab at the money in the till -- but I don't think that's what they were there for. I think we got us a couple'a executions on our hands, George...

JETSON

The murder at the mini-mart is not our case. The Captain said ---

Sykes looks over at Jetson, pissed.

SYKES

Look, you want to fit in here, right? You want to learn how to get along?

JETSON

Yes.

SYKES

Well, there's a thing about partners, about being somebody's partner. You do for each other. And other people's rules don't mean shit. It's the rules set up between the two of you, that's all that counts. Understand?

(Jetson nods)

Okay. Well, my friend and partner was shot last night and I'm after the shitbag that did it. As my partner, I'm asking you to respect me and help me find him.

Jetson considers this several moments, then --

JETSON

And as my partner, I ask you to respect me and my desire not to break with procedure.

Sykes stares at him, exasperated. Without warning, he slams the car to a stop right here in the middle of heavy traffic, puts it in "Park." Jetson, who is already a little too close to the dashboard, bangs up against it. HORNS instantly go crazy behind them.

JETSON

What is wrong?

(CONTINUED)

SYKES

(very calm)

Nothing's wrong. I just want to get something straight. You agree that there's a good chance these two shootings are somehow related, right?

WELLING joins the HORNS outside. Jetson is visibly unsettled by the chaos.

JETSON

Well... yes, quite possibly.

SYKES

Possibly. Good. Well, would you be willing to accept the theory, George, that... possibly... by examining the evidence from one case we might shed some small ray of light on the other? Does that sound unreasonable to you?

JETSON

Yes... no, it is not unreasonable. Although I --

SYKES

Great.

(a relieved sigh)

Well, I'm sure glad that's settled, aren't you?

And with that he puts the car in gear and pulls rapidly out.

SYKES

I think we're really starting to click now, George -- hmmm?

Jetson doesn't know what to think -- he just holds on.

CUT TO:

WINTER, a deputy Medical Examiner (human), is leading Sykes and Jetson along the hall. He reads on the fly from a case file in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

WINTER

You know I've been over all this with Fedorchuk and Alvarez this morning...

SYKES

Come on. You got nothin' better to do, cushy county job like yours.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

They enter briskly through a swinging door. They move among the tables (some occupied, some not) during:

WINTER

Yeah, right. Don't push your luck. Anyway, according to the sheet, the guy you nailed outside by the car--

SYKES

The human.

WINTER

Yeah... he was one Martin Helder. White male, twenty-seven. Let's see... wrap sheet shows one armed robbery conviction, a couple for sale of a controlled substance. Oh yeah, and he was wired on coke when you stopped his clock.

They have reached a table holding a covered body. Winter unceremoniously throws back the cover. There lies the pale naked body of the Raincoat alien.

JETSON

Have you identified this one?

WINTER

So far he's a John Doe. Or a Sam Slag, if you like.

Jetson smiles slightly out of politeness.

WINTER

No i.d. on him and -- well, you know, no fingerprints -- so it could be tough. Your buddies this morning went through the mug book but couldn't make a facial match.

(CONTINUED)

SYKES

Fedorchuk couldn't find his ass
with his hands in his back pockets.

Jetson nonchalantly looks over the alien body while Winter
and Sykes continue talking off to one side.

WINTER

(referring to Raincoat
alien)
You took this guy out, too, didn't
you?

SYKES

Yeah.

WINTER

Lucky for you, you got him in both
of his... well, what we loosely
refer to as... hearts.

SYKES

Lucky nothing. I had to empty
my damn gun into him.

WINTER

That's the way these people are.
You don't hit both pumps you just
piss them off.

During this, Jetson has turned the dead alien's hand over
-- sees something that brings a frown of curiosity to his
face. He leans closer, examining the palm carefully.
Then he peels back the alien's upper lip.

Jetson frowns anew, with concern this time. He looks
around, spots a Newcomer lab assistant nearby -- BENTNER.
Jetson motions him over. Jetson begins questioning him
using the alien language. Sykes and Winter nearby, remain
oblivious.

WINTER

Oh, here's an extra headshot if you
need one.

(hands Sykes a polaroid of
dead alien's face)

We're just about to start cutting
in. You're welcome to stick around
if you want. It's really fascinating
stuff.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

SYKES

Yeah, I'll bet.

Sykes looks over, now noticing Jetson and Bentner in earnest conversation. He only catches snatches of the alien language. Bentner appears very unsettled by what Jetson is telling him. In response to Jetson's final statement, Bentner nods -- as if agreeing to do something Jetson has requested. Sykes goes over to Jetson.

SYKES

What's this? What's going on?

JETSON

Nothing.

SYKES

(really suspicious now)

Nothing?

JETSON

(looking away)

Shouldn't we examine their personal effects? *

Jetson moves off, leaving Sykes there wondering.

CUT TO:

29

INT. PROPERTY ROOM - COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

Two large plastic packets are dumped of their contents onto a formica counter. Sykes looks through the dead alien's effects while Jetson goes through the human's. ORTIZ, the college girl working the property counter, sits nearby doing homework.

Jetson holds up a little foil packet with a puzzled frown.

JETSON

What is this?

SYKES

(looks, then)

A rubber. A condom. You know...
Coney Island whitefish?

(Jetson doesn't know what one is)

Men, human men, put them on their,
uh--penises--to protect against having
babies.

(Jetson still doesn't get it;

Sykes turns to Ortiz)

You need this for anything?

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

ORTIZ

Nope, got my own. Anything you guys don't use gets stuffed away in storage.

Sykes tears open the packet, unrolls the condom, dangles it before Jetson.

SKYES

Get the picture?

JETSON

(frowning)

And that fits?

SYKES

Well...Yeah, it's rubber. It stretches.

JETSON

And still it fits?

Sykes looks at Jetson's serious expression. He tosses the condom and packet back onto the counter and continues searching. A beat, then he can't stop himself -- he steals a glance at Jetson's crotch.

Still searching, Sykes picks up one of the dead alien's well-worn heavy work boots. He grimaces...the sides and soles are painted with a viscous black substance. He very tentatively sniffs it...and is grateful that it's not what he thought it might be.

SYKES

What is this stuff?

Sykes gets some on his hand, doesn't know where to wipe it. Jetson glances over.

JETSON

It is a resin.

Sykes looks at him...surprised that he knows.

JETSON

(continuing)

Newcomers working near methane gasses at oil refineries must paint it on their boots to protect against sparks.

SYKES

How the hell do you know that?

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED (2)

JETSON

A large number of my people were hired by refineries because the methane fumes are not harmful to us. My spouse's brother is one.

SYKES

So the Slag they're cutting into upstairs worked at a refinery. Just like Hubley worked at a refinery.

(beat)

I'd say that "possible" connection between the two cases just got a hell of a lot more possible.

(beat)

Okay, next step -- I gotta go talk to the wife of the Slag storeowner blown away last night.

JETSON

I believe I should interview the widow alone.

SYKES

Why the hell ---?!

(realizes it's because of his lack of "bedside manner")

Great, fine. You talk to the wife.

CUT TO:

30

INT./EXT. - MINI-MART - LATE AFTERNOON

30

~~The shattered windows have been covered with plywood.~~
Through the open doorway we see Jetson talking to the Proprietor's Wife. She studies a photo Jetson shows her, nods her head, speaking rapidly in the alien language.

CUT TO:

A31

EXT. - REFINERY - LATE AFTERNOON

A31

Sykes drives along beside the mammoth, steaming network of buildings and pipes that make up the refinery.

CUT TO:

31

INT. - REFINERY - LATE AFTERNOON

31

Through the loud and smoky refinery we see Sykes walking with the newly promoted Methane Section manager, O'NEAL, in tie and shirtsleeves. The workmen around them are both human and Newcomer.

O'NEAL

(yelling over the roar)

Mr. Hubley was an all right guy -- and a damn good manager. The men liked him. I'm really gonna have to scramble to fill his shoes.

SYKES

Well, one of the men didn't like him so much...

They stop and Sykes hands O'Neal the polaroid photo of Raincoat alien. They have stopped near the heavy refrigeration-type door leading to the "METHANE SECTION".

Newcomer workers move in and out through the door during:

O'NEAL

(looking at photo)

You think this is the guy who did it?

SYKES

We think he could'a been involved, yeah. You know him?

O'NEAL

To be honest, it's hard to say. I hate to admit it but -- they all still kinda look alike to me.

SYKES

(impatient)

Who else can I ask around here?

O'NEAL

(looking at photo again)

Wait. You know who it looks like? Yeah. Anderson. Uh...James Anderson. He isn't in today. He took the afternoon off.

SYKES

I think you're gonna find he's taken the rest of his life off.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

O'Neal reacts. Sykes notices the door to the Methane Section.

SYKES

That where Anderson worked?

O'NEAL

Yes it is.

(some alien workers come through the door)

Thirty-five percent pure Methane gas in there. I don't know how these fellas do it.

Sykes watches two more alien workers pass back in through the door. O'Neal watches Sykes' expression for signs of suspicion.

CUT TO:

A32 HIGH ANGLE SHOT - SYKES AND O'NEAL

A32

We see Sykes hand O'Neal a card, then move off. O'Neal watches him briefly, then crosses to some steps and starts up this way. We PAN with him as he enters a door here on the second level.

CUT TO:

32 INT. METHANE SECTION CONTROL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

32

O'Neal enters, moves to a telephone, begins to dial. Beyond is a glass wall overlooking the Methane Section.

CUT TO:

33 ANGLE - BELOW

33

CAMERA TRACKS through the Methane Section...past the alien workers in lab whites...past all the arcane equipment and chemical procedures...ending in an EXTREME CLOSE UP of a small cylindrical dispenser as it fills slowly with a pale blue, viscous liquid.

CUT TO:

34

EXT. JETSON'S STREET/INT. SLUGMOBILE - DUSK

34

We're SHOOTING THROUGH the slugmobile window as Sykes pulls up in front of Jetson's modest but immaculately maintained home on the outskirts of Slagtown. Jetson's WIFE, an attractive alien woman, stands watering the lawn with a garden hose; Jetson's son, age six, rides his bicycle along the walkway. Jetson, dressed in his suit for work, crouches near the walkway, playing with his son.

Sykes pulls the car toward the curb, rolls his eyes.

SYKES

Jesus. Welcome back, Ozzie and

Harriet...

He HONKS the horn. Jetson looks up, then moves to his wife and kisses her goodbye. Moves to his son, kisses him on the top of his head.

Sykes watches all this...and as he does, slowly his derisive expression softens. As corny as this tableau may be, there's something very appealing about the innocence of it...even to an unrepentant cynic like Sykes.

Jetson starts to climb into the car, and we --

CUT TO:

35

INT. RESTROOM - BILTMORE HOTEL - NIGHT

35

CLOSE on an alien hand as it removes one of the drug dispensers from a tuxedo pocket. As the hand brings the dispenser toward the face, we immediately recognize the exotic silver bracelet worn by Kipling the night before. It makes that distinctive CLINKING NOISE. We PAN with the hand to reveal Kipling's face...sans bandana and sunglasses now. He wears a black tuxedo. He lets small dab of the blue gel curl from the dispenser onto his tongue. He swallows...and reacts as the rush from the drug hits him.

The door to the men's room bangs open and a MIDDLE AGED POLITIC enters, obviously drunk.

Kipling quickly pockets the dispenser, moves past the Politico to the exit...

CUT TO:

A36

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

A36

Sykes drives, heading for the Biltmore Hotel.

JETSON

Mrs. Porter is not taking her husband's death well.

SYKES

(impatient)

Did you learn anything?

JETSON

A week ago two men came to see her husband. After they left, he was very frightened. She identified one of the men from a photo I showed her. It was Hubley.

SYKES

Aw-right. What about the other guy?

JETSON

She didn't know him. But she said her son might.

SYKES

Did you talk to him?

JETSON

He has not been home since that day. But she told me where to find him.

Sykes nods.

CUT TO:

36

INT. MAIN BALLROOM - BILTMORE HOTEL - NIGHT

36

The men are in tuxedos, the women in evening gowns. Only two or three Newcomer faces present. Kipling threads his way among the tables as the MAYOR, at the speaker's platform, addresses the assembly.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

MAYOR

...Our guest speaker tonight has done so much in his community and for his community in such a short period of time. And I must say, as the founder of the first Newcomer owned and operated corporation in Southern California, he certainly has come quite far in the last few years. Granted, not as far as he came in the years before reaching Los Angeles.

There is laughter from the VIPs. Kipling slides into a seat at one of the front tables. He leans over and whispers something into the ear of the person seated to his right. We see this in CLOSE UP, and don't see who he is whispering to yet. Whoever it is, nods.

MAYOR

(continuing)

As Mayor of this city, it gives me great pleasure to introduce someone who has so readily made our city his home...and all of us who live here, his friends. Ladies and gentlemen, William Harcourt.

The VIP's applaud as the spotlight sweeps over to a front table. At first it hits Kipling, then it adjusts to capture WILLIAM HARCOURT, seated to Kipling's right. Harcourt is an exemplar of the successful Newcomer entrepreneur...handsome, charming, with cool blue eyes that glint with his piercing intellect. He rises, smiling warmly, steps past his striking ALIEN DATE seated to his right, to make his way to the podium. He shields his eyes somewhat from the bright spotlight.

Once behind the podium, he slips his notes from a breast pocket as the applause ebbs.

HARCOURT

Thank you all for that very warm reception.

(pauses, smiles)

I'm particularly grateful because I actually had the gall to write that in my notes: "Thank you all for that very warm reception". Imagine how embarrassed I would've been if it hadn't have been such a warm reception.

The VIPs laugh. He's won them over instantly with his charm and candor.

CUT TO:

37 OMIT

37

38 INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - FOYER - NIGHT

38 *

Sykes, followed by a reluctant Jetson, bears down on Harcourt, who is exiting the hotel with his Date, and Kipling. We see Kipling recognize Sykes from their fight two nights before...but because Kipling looks so different, Sykes doesn't recognize him outright. Still, during this, Sykes senses something, though he's not sure what.

SYKES

William Harcourt?

HARCOURT

Yes.

SYKES

I'm Sergeant Sykes, and this is Detective Jetson, Los Angeles Police Department.

HARCOURT

(nodding greeting)

Sergeant...detective. I wasn't aware there were any newcomers at the rank of Detective yet.

JETSON

I am the first.

HARCOURT

Congratulations. This is my administrative assistant, Rudyard Kipling.

SYKES

(throw away)

Rudyard Kipling? No shit?

*

(to Harcourt)

Listen, we just need a minute of your time...

JETSON

We'd like to ask you about a business associate of yours. Warren Hubley.

HARCOURT

Yes, I heard about poor Warren. Tragic.

(CONTINUED)

SYKES

You were partners with him on some
Slag--, uh, Newcomer real estate
thing.

HARCOURT

That's right. He and I, along with
seven or eight others. Listen,
gentlemen, I will be happy to
assist you in any way I can --
unfortunately, at the moment, I'm
overdue at another function.

Suddenly there's a voice from o.s.:

MAYOR (O.S.)

William...

Harcourt turns as the Mayor and his WIFE step up.

HARCOURT

Mr. Mayor...

MAYOR

William, I was wondering if you
wouldn't rather ride with Luisa and
me. Two limousines trying to make
it across town in all this traffic,
we're bound to be later than we
already are.

HARCOURT

Excellent idea. Ray, I wonder if
you know two of your police
officers... Detectives Jetson and
Sykes.

MAYOR

(shaking their hands,
dismissively)

A pleasure.

(to Harcourt)

We really should be going.

The wind is knocked from Sykes's sails by the presence of
the Mayor with a very impatient expression. Harcourt
smiles.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED (2):

38

HARCOURT

(continuing)

Please feel free to call my office
Monday morning for an appointment.

(to Jetson)

Congratulations again on your
promotion, Detective. Remember...
you're out there setting an example
in our community. I'll be keeping
an eye on you.

Harcourt is smiling as he says this last, but his eyes are
penetrating... telegraphing a subliminal warning.

Harcourt and entourage move off...leaving Sykes steaming.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL - HARCOURT AND KIPLING - NIGHT 39

walking behind the others. They speak in very low
voices; Harcourt continuing to nod and smile to other
passing VIPs during:

KIPLING

That cop, the human, he was
the one who killed Anderson
and the driver.

HARCOURT

This is becoming a serious
breach of security.

KIPLING

He didn't recognize me.

HARCOURT

It is his new partner that I'm
worried about.

CUT TO:

40 INT. POLICE FIRING RANGE - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

40

MAFFET, the stocky retired cop behind the counter, hands
Jetson a bag of reloads and some silhouette targets.
Sykes nods to Jetson, motioning him toward the firing
line.

SYKES

Go on ahead. I'll be right in.

(to Maffet, low)

What'd you dig up for me?

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

Maffet slides open a drawer, takes out a paper bag containing a massive pistol with an enormous bore. By his manner this deal is definately not kosher. Sykes hefts the weapon.

MAFFET

You said you wanted the biggest thing I could find...Well, this is it.

SYKES

What is it?

MAFFET

Casull .454 Magnum. You're talking twice the impact energy of .44 Magnum hot loads.

SYKES

(flips open cylinder)
Only holds five.

MAFFET

Yeah, the shells are too big for six in an cylinder. Hell, Matt, you don't need but one.

SYKES

(sighting)
No... two.

41

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - FIRING LINE - NIGHT

41

Jetson, looking bizarre in his ear-protectors, is taking careful aim with his .38 as Sykes walks up. Jetson slips the protectors down.

SYKES

Well, let's see what you got,
Cochise. Gimme six, rapid fire.

Jetson, a little nervous at this command performance, turns, sets, and FIRES at the silhouette target. It's a large, sloppy grouping.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

SYKES

(continuing)

How long you been shooting? That's pitiful. Whattya gonna to do if somebody draws down on you, wave your scores on the written exam at 'em?

Sykes starts loading the thumb-sized bullets into the Casull.

JETSON

Why did you do it?

SYKES

Why'd I do what?

JETSON

Agree to work with me? You don't like me...you don't like any of us. You have nothing but contempt for us. And yet you become an outcast from your club of detectives by making me your partner...

SYKES

My partner is dead! Because one you bastards killed him -- then disappeared into a rathole down in Slagtown, where's he's home and dry, 'cause nobody sees nothing, nobody says nothing...

Sykes grabs a bullet-proof vest from nearby, slaps it onto the hanging target form. He hits the switch, funning the target down to the end of the lane.

SYKES

(continuing)

But he didn't figure on you, George. You're going to get me through that wall of silence. You're going to make them talk to me. You're going to help me find that slag son of a bitch. Comprendo? And if Fedorchuk and the boys in the bullpen don't like it, screw them...and if the Captain doesn't like it, screw him...and if all the Slags down in Slagtown don't like it...well screw them too!

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED (2):

41

Sykes raises the Casull, fires. KA-BOOM!!! The shell rockets clean through the bullet-proof vest on the target form. The recoil slams Sykes back, jerks his arm up. KA-BOOM!!! again, and another hole is drilled through the vest. Other shooters look over. Sykes sets the gun down... sees his hand is bleeding. Jetson absorbs all this, as we --

CUT TO:

42 EXT. "X" BAR - NIGHT

42

A violet neon "X" FILLS FRAME, flashing hypnotically. It's a bar catering to rough-trade Newcomer clientele. Several ALIEN MEN, brute laborer-types, lounge around out front. They glare with antagonism as Sykes and Jetson climb out of their car.

SYKES

(to Jetson)

Okay, just stay back and do what I do. Watch and learn, watch and learn...

43 INT. "X" - NIGHT

43

Sykes and Jetson walk into the almost total blackness of this all-Newcomer place.

A few near-infrared indigo lamps dot the blackness. *

SYKES

~~I can't see a lick in here.~~

We can dimly make out booths along one wall, some tables, and the bar. There are maybe twenty figures seated or standing in the darkness. The room falls silent in a wave as Sykes's presence becomes noticed.

Sykes saunters forward, commanding the space with his unhurried movements.

SYKES

(calling into the dark
silence)

Which one'a you Slags is Porter?

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

VOICE
(from the back of the bar)
Who wants to know?

Sykes squints into the darkness, then --

SYKES
(aside to Jetson)
Who said that?

JETSON
(tilts his head to
indicate)
At the end of the bar.

Sykes nods, starts in that direction.

SYKES
My name is Sykes. I'm --

ALIEN VOICE
Ss'ai k'ss?

The whole place roars with LAUGHTER. Too late Sykes remembers what his name sounds like to them. He continues down the bar and a figure in one of the booths sticks his leg out and trips Sykes with his size 16 work boot. Sykes stumbles, then recovers and pivots on the offender. Hoots of derisive LAUGHTER. He sees only shadows.

OFFENDER
(merely a voice in the
dark)
Careful, ss'loka', you might hurt
yourself.

More laughter. Sykes gives the darkness where the offender sits a hard stare, then turns and shoulders his way to the end of the bar. Jetson follows. Sykes stops behind a big Newcomer in greasy work clothes.

44

ANGLE

44

The punk Newcomer in the next seat is keeping his head down, trying to be inconspicuous.

He glances over at the two cops...his expression shifting to recognition as he spots Jetson.

45

BACK TO SCENE

45

Sykes speaks to the Big Newcomer's back.

SYKES

You Porter?

The Big Newcomer continues to sip his mug of sour milk. Doesn't turn. Sykes grabs him by the shoulder and turns him around. The alien grabs Sykes's hand off, rising to his full height. He and Sykes lock eyes. Meanwhile, the punk Newcomer (PORTER) has started to slip away unnoticed. Jetson spots him, reaches out with one arm, and grabs him by the jacket.

JETSON

No, Matthew. I believe this is the one you want.

He pulls Porter back into play. Now Jetson sees Porter's face...and he, too, reacts with recognition.

Sykes gives Jetson a sour look, releases the Big Newcomer, and turns his malice on the punk Newcomer.

SYKES

Your name wouldn't happen to be Porter, would it?

JETSON

Uh, Matthew...

SYKES

(over his shoulder to Jetson)

Back off, George.

JETSON

But I -- (know this man).

SYKES

I'll handle it.

Jetson backs off, letting him handle it.

SYKES

(to Porter)

Jesus, are the questions too tough for you already? Let's try again--

(slowly)

Is your name Porter?

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

PORTER

Ss'kya'ta'.

SYKES

(to Jetson)

What's that?

JETSON

Screw you.

SYKES

(back to Porter)

Screw me? That can't be right.

PORTER

Ss'kya ta' ss'loka'. Ss'trokya'
ss'lato na'!

JETSON

(to Sykes, low)

You don't want to know.

SYKES

Tell me.

JETSON

Your mother mates out of season.

SYKES

(to Porter)

That's very colorful. But see --
now I've got a problem. I don't
seem to be getting much cooperation
from you, Porter. So I guess we're
gonna have to take this little
session down to my office, ya know?

And instantly Sykes whips out his flashlight, snaps on the
beam, and arcs it into the faces of the aliens around him.
Jetson gets a blast of it, too. The aliens are
momentarily blinded.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED (2):

45

Sykes has Porter pinned to the bar, the flashlight in his face, as he starts to handcuff him. But Porter gets a hand free and crushes the head of the flashlight. Darkness falls...along with Sykes's expression of satisfaction.

Porter hurls Sykes back, slamming him into a table. The crowd HOOTS and CHEERS. Sykes finds his way to his feet.

JETSON

Matthew, you don't have to -- (do this).

SYKES

Stay back! I'm okay.

He charges Porter, brandishing the flashlight like a club. The two of them battle, then Sykes sees his opportunity and brings his knee up viciously into the alien's groin. Porter doubles over in feigned agony, then slowly rises again -- smiling.

PORTER

Don't they teach you anything about us in cop school, little ss'loka'?

Porter grabs Sykes by the shirt front, is about to deliver a crushing blow, when another arm cuts into FRAME, locking with Porter's, blocking the punch. It is Jetson.

JETSON

Enough.

PORTER

(eying Jetson)
Ss'tangya T'ssorentsa'. You're a cop.

(with some contempt)
It fits you.

Jetson says something to him in the alien language. Porter gives him a hard stare, then moves toward the back exit. Sykes stumbles over to Jetson.

SYKES

You know that guy?

JETSON

(nods)
From quarantine, when my people first arrived here. He and I were housed together.

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED (3):

45

SYKES

How could a straight-arrow like you ever pick a roommate like him?

JETSON

In the camps, we were lodged four to a room. The selection process was entirely random. We did not get to stay with our friends... or our families...

And he moves toward the back exit. Sykes watches him go.

CUT TO:

46

EXT. "X" - NIGHT

46

Porter leans against an alley wall. He speaks English learned on the streets.

JETSON

You don't know what your father and these two men were arguing about?

PORTER

I told you -- I was in the back of the store. I just heard voices, muffled like.

SYKES

One of the two men was Hubley, right? What about the other one? Did you know him?

PORTER

Yeah... I seen him around. Highroller dude named Strader. Joshua Strader. Runs a club on the west side. "Encounters".

SYKES

Yeah, I heard of it.

PORTER

That's all I know. You want anything more, you ask somebody else.

He pushes away from the wall, heads for the door to the bar.

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

JETSON

I am sorry about your father.

Porter throws him a look over his shoulder, then disappears through the door. Sykes and Jetson start down the alley.

JETSON

If I may make a suggestion...We have different weak spots than you do. Next time, a blow to the nerve plexus under the arm, here, will produce the effect I think you were looking for.

SYKES

Yeah, sure. I knew that...

CUT TO:

47

EXT. BURGER STAND - NIGHT

47

The wall-mounted menu is in English and the Alien Language. The SERVERS are teen aged humans and aliens.

Sykes and Jetson stand at the counter awaiting their order.

KID

(serving them)

Six forty-two.

They both put money on the counter. The Kid goes to put the order together. Sykes looks at the alien characters on the menu.

SYKES

I don't think I could ever learn to read that shit.

(beat)

How long did it take you to learn English?

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

47

JETSON

Three months.

(off Sykes's look)

We learn quickly. We adapt. It is
our strength...what we were bred
for, to adapt to hostile
environments.

The Serving Kid puts their bags on the counter.

JETSON

(continuing)

Thank you.

They take the bags and walk off, digging the food out of
the bags as they talk:

SYKES

My neighbor's kid has a Newcomer
girl in his class. She's six years
old and in seventh grade already...

They climb into the car.

A48

INT. SLUGMOBILE - NIGHT

A48

Jetson doesn't respond...some things are better left
unaddressed. Meanwhile, Sykes has unwrapped his food and
recoils in disgust.

SYKES

Oh, God. I think I got yours
here...

He holds up two strips of raw meat with patches of animal
fur still on them. Jetson meanwhile is grimacing at the
dripping cheeseburger he's just unwrapped. They quickly
trade.

SYKES

(continuing)

Which one is that? Raw what?

(CONTINUED)

A48

CONTINUED:

A48

JETSON
(eating a strip)
This is mole. It's good.

SYKES
I'll bet.
(winses, watching him
chew)

Would it really put you out if they
tossed that on the grill for a
minute or two?

JETSON
Our bodies do not assimilate the
nutrients if the food has been
cooked.

Jetson looks over at him, smiling.

SYKES
Oh, that's real attractive. You
got fur in your teeth, George.
Come on, man, we're gonna be
talking to people... jeez.

Sykes looks at his burger, his appetite gone, shoves it
back into the sack and tosses it into the back seat.

48

EXT/INT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

48

As Sykes pulls onto the street.

SYKES
So what was that other word for
Human...Slow ka?

JETSON
Ss'loka'. It means literally
"small but intelligent creature".
(Sykes looks over, doesn't
know if he likes this)
It loses much in the translation.

(CONTINUED)

*

49

OMIT

49

*

48

CONTINUED:

48 *

SYKES

And what was that one about my mother? That was a good one.

JETSON

Ss'trokya' ss'lato 'na'.

SYKES

Yeah, that's it. Say it slow.

Jetson pronounces the words and Sykes follows along haltingly. After several tries, he can say it passably well.

50

INT. "ENCOUNTERS" - NIGHT

50

An upscale, mostly yuppie-human dance club. The antithesis of the "X" bar. A human HOSTESS in a slit dress has just finished seating Sykes and Jetson at a table. She moves off. The two cops look up at the stage.

51

REVERSE ANGLE

51

revealing the exotic alien dancer named CASSANDRA. She moves with a feline blend of strength and grace. Framing her face is a silvery nylon wig that she tosses like a mane as she undulates to the MUSIC.

Sykes watches with fascination. The MUSIC ends and Cassandra steps down from the stage, to be replaced by a human DANCER as the next SONG cranks up. Sykes and Jetson quickly intercept her as she heads backstage.

JETSON

You are Cassandra?

CASSANDRA

That's right.

JETSON

We are with the Police Department.
This is Sergeant Sykes, and I am --

CASSANDRA

(laughing)

Ss'ai k'ss? Perfect.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

31

SYKES
We're looking for your boss --
Strader.

She eyes the two of them warily, then moves backstage,
assuming they will follow.

52 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

52

She moves along the narrow corridor.

CASSANDRA
He's not here. Why ask me?

JETSON
The young woman at the front said
you might know where he is.

CASSANDRA
She did, did she? Well, she was
wrong. Excuse me, I have to change.

SYKES
No problem.

She moves through a door. Sykes follows closely so
does Jetson.

53 INT. "ENCOUNTERS" - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

53

Cassandra grabs some clothes and goes into a stall.

SYKES
Look, we're not here doing an
interview for the school paper.
This is a homicide investigation...
and if you don't stop jerkin' us
around, I'm ready to start playin'
hardball.

Jetson has waited politely half-in half-out of the room.
Sykes rapidly motions to him to "go look around". Jetson
mimes back, "Huh?"

CASSANDRA
(slipping out of her dance
costume)
Oooh. Hardball.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

56

INT. CASSANDRA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

56

Cassandra is practically melting herself into Sykes now. She takes his hand and guides his fingertips over her facial ridges. She shudders with pleasure. Sykes begins to perspire.

SYKES

There's lots of things I haven't done, but this ain't high on the list. Don't take it personally.

CASSANDRA

I think you're just a little scared now, about what you might find once the lights go out. A little scared...and a lot curious. Maybe more than you want to admit. But doesn't that turn you on, that curiosity and fear, swirling together?

(coos)

Think of it as broadening your horizons.

SYKES

I like my horizons narrow.

CASSANDRA

(pressing herself into him)
Your voice is saying no, but your body is saying yes.

He quickly disengages from her.

SYKES

My voice, body, and everything else is saying I'll be back in two hours for Strader, and he better damn well be here.

He shoves a business card at her, then retreats through the door.

57 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

57

Sykes closes the door and lets out his breath.

58 INT. CASSANDRA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

58

Cassandra's expression instantly turns to worry and she quickly crosses to a phone and punches the intercom button.

59 INT. OFFICE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

59

Jetson, looking through a desk drawer, hears the intercom BUZZ in the next room. Through the wall --

WATSON (O.S.)
(tentatively)
Yes...?

CASSANDRA (O.S.)
(over intercom,
breathless)
Todd, it's me. The police were
just here... looking for Strader.
And asking about you.

Jetson moves toward the door to the adjoining office, drawing his gun. The floor squeaks beneath his feet. He looks down, then continues toward the door.

60 OMIT

60 *

61 INT. OFFICE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

61

Jetson eases open the door. It's the manager's private office. Jetson sees the phone receiver resting on the desk, the desk lamp on, a lit cigarette in an ashtray -- but no one behind the desk. Jetson eases through the door and --

-- a chair crashes down on him from behind the door!
Jetson goes down, his gun skittering out of his hand.

63 INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

63

Jetson and his assailant battle in the well-appointed office.

64 INT. OFFICE - SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

64

Sykes hears the fight through the private office door. He throws the door open.

65 INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

65

Sykes stands in the doorway, the Casull straight-armed at Jetson's assailant.

SYKES

Freeze! Now!

The assailant does. He looks at Sykes, scared, breathing hard. He's a Newcomer in a snappy Armani suit. This is TODD WATSON. Jetson, on the floor, starts to rise.

Suddenly somebody flies at Sykes from the side, knocking his sideways down the corridor. It's Cassandra. Watson seizes the moment and shoves the off-balance Jetson into some furniture and dives for the door.

A66 INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A66

Watson runs down the corridor, ducking onto a fire escape. Meanwhile Sykes wrestles with Cassandra. She's as strong as he is, but he has the edge in experience.

Jetson, disheveled, appears in the private office doorway, ready to chase Watson, but not knowing which way he went.

SYKES

(struggling with
Cassandra)

Fire escape! End of the hall!

(CONTINUED)

A66

CONTINUED:

A66

Jetson nods, takes off down the corridor. Sykes manages to get one handcuff on Cassandra's wrist, the other cuff around a pipe sticking out of the wall. She SCREECHES at him in the alien language as he collects the Casull and charges down the corridor.

B66

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - OUTSIDE ENCOUNTERS - NIGHT

B66

Jetson pounds down the fire escape. Below him, he sees Watson reach the ground and take off running for the parking area.

Jetson reaches the ground and gives chase.

66

EXT. ENCOUNTERS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

66

Watson zig-zags through the parked cars, Jetson cutting down other rows trying to make up the distance between them.

A67

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - OUTSIDE ENCOUNTERS - NIGHT

A67

Sykes bangs down the fire escape, leaping the last fifteen feet to the ground.

B67

EXT. ENCOUNTERS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

B67

Watson reaches his Alfa Romeo, yanks open the door, fires it up. Jetson slides up, ten feet behind the car, pulls his gun, aims.

The white reverse-lights flash on. Jetson stands there, gun aimed -- but he hesitates to shoot. In that split second hesitation, Watson floors it...Jetson jumping to avoid being hit.

C67

INT. ALFA ROMEO - NIGHT

C67

Watson throws the car into Drive, looks up, and sees Sykes standing right in front of the car. He hits the gas. Sykes has no choice than to leap onto the hood of the car. Watson, with Sykes's face on the other side of the glass, panics and --

D67

EXT. ENCOUNTERS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

D67

-- plows the Alfa into some parked cars.

Sykes is up in a flash -- yanks Watson out of the car.

(CONTINUED)

Watson rears back to swing at Sykes, when Sykes swings his arms around in two wide arcs, his fists landing two direct hits in the nerve centers under Watson's arms. Watson folds over with a "ocowph" sound and drops to his knees.

SYKES

(breathing hard)

I'll be damned. It worked.

(sees Jetson run up)

How'd you like that, huh? Whammo!

Both barrels. Dropped him like a bag of cement.

Jetson picks up Watson's fallen wallet. He looks at the i.d.

SYKES

Who is he?

JETSON

Todd Watson. The assistant manager.

Watson is still doubled over, just trying to draw one agonized breath.

WATSON

I don't believe this. Look at my suit. Look at what you made me do to my car!

SYKES

(laughing)

Your girlfriend put up a better fight than you did, pal.

JETSON

We are looking for your employer, Joshua Strader.

WATSON

He's out of town.

JETSON

Why did you run?

WATSON

Because you two were chasing me.

SYKES

We were chasing you because you ran, you dumb son-of-a-bitch.

(CONTINUED)

D67 CONTINUED (2):

D67

JETSON
When will Strader return?

WATSON
Who knows. He's the boss -- he
doesn't have to check in with me.

SYKES
(wearily)
Watson... this is my partner here's
first coupla days, and he wants to
make a good impression. Me,
though, the way I feel -- this
could be my last day, know what I
mean? And I'm ready to rain on you
like a cow pissin' on a flat rock.

WATSON
Look -- Mr. Stader hasn't been
around for a coupla days. He
didn't tell me where he was going
or when he'd be back. I swear it.

SYKES
(to Jetson)
What do you think?

JETSON
I believe he is probably lying.

SYKES
Through his ass.
(to Watson)
Next time you see him, tell him to
call me... unless you want us to
keep coming back on you like a bad
case of herpes.

Sykes shoves a business card in Watson's breast pocket.
They walk away and Watson slumps against his car.

67 ANGLE - MOVING WITH SYKES AND JETSON

67

as they walk wearily to the slug-mobile.

SYKES
George, you can handle the women
from now on, you mind?

CUT TO:

68

EXT. ENCOUNTERS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

68

Watson is alone, surveying the damage to his Alfa, when he hears footsteps. He turns with a "What now?" expression and -- a shotgun butt is slammed into his forehead. He goes down. Kipling stands over him, flanked by FOUR HUMAN THUGS. One of these is QUINT, senior human in Harcourt's employ.

QUINT

(to other Thugs)

Okay, scrape him up.

CUT TO:

69

EXT. ZUMA BEACH APPROACH - NIGHT

69

Harcourt's private limo glides down the narrow access road, passing a lookout car attended by two alien Thugs. The limo moves down to the beach, parking near an n.d. van.

Harcourt exits the limo, walks onto the sand to the back of the van. Here he finds Kipling and Quint and the three human Thugs.

They have Watson chained to the van's rear bumper, facing the sea, and have been working him over with a tire iron. He's bruised and bloody, but still conscious.

HARCOURT

Any progress?

QUINT

My arm's gettin' tired and so far, zip.

KIPLING

He is ss'verdlatya ss'alo to Strader.

QUINT

What's that mean?

(CONTINUED)

KIPLING

Duty-bonded. His allegiance to Strader is above pain or life.

QUINT

You tellin' me this guy would die before he'd screw his boss and work for us? Nobody's that dumb.

KIPLING

It is something you couldn't comprehend, Quint.

Harcourt approaches Watson, kneels beside him, careful to keep the knee of his designer pants out of the sand.

HARCOURT

I understand you have been resisting my offer Mr. Watson. Your sense of duty to Mr. Strader is noble, but -- no longer an issue, I'm afraid...

Harcourt signals and the two Thugs drag an alien body from the back of the van: a middle-aged alien, Strader, shot twice through the front of his silk suit. Watson's eyes widen in fear.

HARCOURT

(continuing)

I will not make this offer again. I want you to work for me, to manage the nightclub as Strader's successor. If you do, you will know a wealth and comfort our people never dared imagine...

Watson stares at Harcourt, scared but defiant.

WATSON

Sss'k'va ta'!

Harcourt studies Watson a moment, perhaps even admiring his resolve. Then --

HARCOURT

It is such a pity to die for an outmoded value.

(rising)

Mr. Quint, I believe it's time for our friend's swimming lesson.

(CONTINUED)

Watson freaks out, howling and lashing against the chains.

HARCOURT

(to Watson)

It's important to learn new skills.
Essential to your growth as a
person.

Quint and the Thugs free Watson from the bumper. He bucks and lunges as they drag him toward the surf. Quint addresses one of the Thugs, a new guy.

QUINT

You never seen this before, have you, Billy? Oh, man, you ain't gonna believe it...seawater is like battery acid to these guys...I don't know what it is, some kinda chemical reaction. Whatta you think it is, Watson? Whoa, hold him.

(a wave breaks outside,
the foam rolls in)

What I love about the surf is you can never tell how far up it's going to come until it...whoops, got a little wet there.

The wave just sloshes over Watson's lower legs. He screams. Flailing, one of his hands dips below the surface of the water. He howls and yanks out his hand. We see the alien hand dripping seawater...then a thousand droplets of purple alien blood begin to bead all over the hand. The Thugs get Watson swinging.

QUINT

Last call, sucker.
One...two...THREE!

Watson is flung into the surf.

ANGLE

Harcourt and Kipling have wlked down almost to the waterline. We HEAR Watson's GURGLES and SCREAMS... then nothing. Kipling is very nervous this close to the water. Harcourt seem unperturbed.

(CONTINUED)

KIPLING

When we picked him up, he was talking to those two cops -- the two who came to question you about Hubley.

HARCOURT

This is getting out of hand. I want you to deal with it. Immediately.

A wave rushes up the sand. Kipling quickly steps back. Harcourt stands firm, staring it down, and the foam stops six inches from his dress shoe.

HARCOURT

(continuing)

We must learn to embrace the things we fear...and from that grow strong.

A moment, then he turns and starts back toward the limo. He motions to Strader's body and the surf. The Thugs grab the body and heave it into the waves.

CUT TO:

71

INT. SYKES'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

71

Jetson is talking rapidly in the alien language on the kitchen wall phone. Sykes, foreground, takes the bottle of vodka from the refrigerator, throws some ice in a glass, pours himself a shot. As Jetson is talking, he spots the carton of milk that Sykes inadvertently left out of the refrigerator two nights ago.

He sniffs it... his eyebrows do an involuntary movement. He finishes with his wife and hangs up. He watches Sykes take a long pull on the vodka.

JETSON

(holds up milk carton)

Would you mind?

Sykes shrugs, tosses him a glass. Jetson pours the semi-lumpy milk and takes a big swallow. Sykes grimaces. Then--

SYKES

(indicates phone)

So, she keeps you on a pretty short leash, does she?

(CONTINUED)

JETSON
My wife? She worries about
me.

Sykes leans against the counter, getting comfortable,
his voice more weary than bitter.

SYKES
Yeah...I know the routine.

JETSON
You are married?

SYKES
Was. Divorced.

JETSON
We mate for life.
Divorce...is a strange concept
to us.

SYKES
It's like having an eleventh
finger removed. It hurts like
hell, but you never really
needed the damn thing in the
first place.

Jetson nods -- even though he doesn't really
understand this. They drink... Jetson gazes around.

JETSON
Your home is quite disordered.
I thought perhaps you had been
burglarized when I walked in.

SYKES
(growling)
I appreciate your honesty,
George.

He smacks his glass against Jetson's. They drink.

72 INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - LATER

72

Sykes has his wallet out... showing Jetson a dog-
eared photo.

SYKES
Ignore the bitch on the left,
that's Edie.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SYKES

(continuing)

I call her Edi Amin... This is Kristin, my daughter. It's kinda an old picture... she's twenty now. Getting married, in fact... on Sunday.

Jetson sitting across the table from Sykes, looks at the proffered photo. They're both a little drunk now.

JETSON

Human children can be very beautiful.

(then)

Getting married?
Congratulations. You will be taking Sunday off, then...

SYKES

(uneasy)

Maybe not... I don't know.
I'm not sure I'm gonna go.

(mumbles)

She doesn't need her burn-out
of a father there...

Jetson looks at him. Sees something he never thought possible in Sykes. Vulnerability. Trying to break the melancholy mood, Jetson reaches for his wallet.

JETSON

(upbeat)

I must show you...
(flips open wallet,
shows four crisp
photos of his wife)
This is Susan, my wife...

SYKES

Yeah, I saw her when I picked
you up. Not bad.

Now Jetson flips out half-a-dozen photos of his son.

JETSON

(proudly)

And this is Richard. My son.
He's four years old. We named
him after the former
President, Richard Nixon.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED (2):

72

Sykes looks at all the photos sprawled out on the table... and has to laugh. He looks up at Jetson's sincere face. He may be starting to like this guy.

SYKES

You open to a piece of advice?
Tell people you named him
after Richard Burton, the
actor. Just take my word for
it.

And he clacks his glass against Jetson's sitting on the table, and --

73 INT. SYKES'S APARTMENT - LATER 73

They are quite a bit drunker. Jetson has doffed his jacket and tie, leans in, listening intently to Sykes.

SYKES

...and so, and so the doctor
says, "If this is the
thermometer, then where'd I
leave my pen?"

(laughs raucously,
Jetson doesn't
react)

You're not... you don't think
that's funny. George, work
with me, I always get a laugh
with that one. Look, if the
doctor's got the thermometer
in his hand, then where's his
pen gotta be?

JETSON

(straight-faced)
In the other man's rectum.

SYKES

(laughing)
Sticking out of his ass...
yeah! See, that's what makes
it a joke. There's like a
surprise, and your mind fills
in the funny picture. Here's
this guy with a pen stuck in
his ass and he thinks it's a
thermometer.

(Jetson just blinks)
Nada, huh?

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED:

73

Jetson shrugs apologetically. Sykes pours them each another round.

SYKES
(continuing)
Your health...

JETSON
Ta ss'trakyona'...
They CLACK glasses, and --

74

INT. SYKES'S APARTMENT - LATER STILL

74

The party has moved into the living room floor, around the coffee table. It's a quieter moment.

JETSON
There is so much our two
peoples don't understand about
each other.

SYKES
No shit, Holmes. You're only
from another goddamn planet,
for chrissakes.

JETSON
You humans are very curious to
us. You invite us to live
among you, in an atmosphere of
equality we've never known
before. You lay before us a
beautiful green world, full of
freedoms and opportunities...
You give us ownership of our lives
for the first time...and you ask no
more of us than you do of yourselves:
to live by the rules...rules that
aren't made to keep one people sub-
ordinate to another, but rules that
exist to preserve equality. You
aspire to very high ideals here.

Sykes is watching Jetson, mesmerized. The guy's never
said this much at one time before.

If he wasn't drunk, Jetson would never let himself open
up to a human like this.

(CONTINUED)

JETSON

(continuing)

I hope you can understand how special your world is...how unique a people you humans are. So it is all the more painful and confusing to us that so few of you seem capable of living up to the ideals you set for yourselves.

SYKES

Don't count on me, George. I never had any ideals.

Jetson smiles a little. He knows that's bullshit.

JETSON

We don't understand the hatred, the contempt. But we must bear it...we must not react in anger... because our situation here is still very fragile. The separatists would see us returned to the quarantine camps. The fundamentalists say we are not made in the image of God and therefore have no souls. That we have no more human rights than dogs or cats. But the prejudice we face here is so insignificant compared to the pain that we've known before. And that is why we are so grateful.

(CONTINUED)

Sykes studies him a long time through heavy-lidded eyes. Finally --

SYKES

Yeah, well... except I did hear you eat your dead.

Jetson looks at him a long beat, then --

JETSON

(deadpan)

Only on Fridays.

Sykes stares at him for about five seconds and then explodes with laughter.

SYKES

You son of a bitch. You're okay.

Jetson stands unsteadily, and announces:

JETSON

I'm going home.

SYKES

Yeah, go home. Get some sleep. You do sleep, don't you?

Jetson, going out the front door, just waves over his shoulder without turning around. He's gone.

SYKES

What a wildman...

Sykes, stands there wobbling, then he collapses backwards onto the sofa, unconscious. And we MATCH DISSOLVE TO --

The first hues of dawn stream through the window. Sykes remains passed out on the sofa where we left him.

76

EXT. STREET - FRONT OF SYKES'S BUILDING - DAWN

76

The slug-mobile parked at the curb. Silence, then the RUMBLE of a heavy truck... and a tow truck turns onto this street at the corner.

The tow truck glides to the curb in front of the slugmobile. The driver stays inside as his passenger alights carrying a tool kit and a paper bag. The human is Quint.

Quint uses a slim-jim to open the slug-mobile door, then slides behind the wheel.

77

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - DAWN

77

Quint slides the contents from the paper bag. It is a packet of C-4 plastic explosives, with a primer cap, and two lead wires with their ends bared. Quint bends down, starts to work under the dash. As his head disappears from FRAME, suddenly another head appears above the seats... George Jetson sitting up groggily in the back seat. A blanket slips off his head and shoulders. He sits there blinking, rubbing his eyes, feeling lousy.

Under the dash, Quint starts to whistle as he works. Mistake.

Jetson, with a puzzled expression, leans forward and sees this guy in the front seat. Before he can jump-start his brain, Quint sits up, sees him, and hammers him in the face with his fist. Jetson is knocked back, holding his face. That was the last thing he needed.

78

EXT. STREET - FRONT OF SYKES'S BUILDING - DAWN

78

Meanwhile Quint is shouting and bailing out of the car. He runs and leaps into the already moving tow truck.

It is sliding around the corner out of sight just as Jetson stumbles out of the car. He whips out his gun from the unfamiliar shoulder rig and it flies out of his hand. Jetson sags against the side of the car, mumbles an alien phrase, clearly the equivalent of "Fuck it...".

CUT TO:

79

INT. SYKES'S APARTMENT - DAY

79

Sykes is in the fetal position on the couch where we left him. Someone is POUNDING on the door. He regains consciousness reluctantly.

SYKES

This better be good news or money.

He shambles to the door and gets it open, admitting Jetson. Jetson holds the C-4 charge in a handkerchief with one hand and gives it to Sykes.

JETSON

Hold this.

(lurching to the sink)

I feel very terrible.

Sykes registers what he's holding. He moves to Jetson, who is running his head under the tap.

SYKES

Where'd you get this?!!

JETSON

A man, a human, was wiring it to your car. I didn't get a good look at him.

(then, registering that it's day; panicked)

I must call my wife...

CUT TO:

80

INT. PRECINCT FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

80

Jetson is starting to take on Sykes's looks, his clothing rumpled and a day old. Sykes has showered and changed so he's not suffering as much by comparison. They approach Sykes's desk.

JETSON

She's going to divorce me.

SYKES

George, she's not gonna divorce you. You mate for life, remember?

JETSON

She's very progressive. I'm certain she's considering it.

81

ANGLE - A UNIFORMED SECRETARY

81

distributing phone slips nearby notices Sykes.

SECRETARY

You guys are looking for
somebody named Strader, right?

SYKES

Yeah.

SECRETARY

Fedorchuk and Alterez just
phoned in. They found him.

(Sykes and Jetson
react)

Or at least what's left of
him, washed up on the beach at
Zuma.

Sykes and Jetson react again.

SECRETARY

(continuing; handing
over the message
slip)

They're still there if you
wanna catch them.

She moves off.

SYKES

Well, let's roll, George.

JETSON

(with a stricken
expression)

To the... to the beach?

SYKES

Come on, let's go, dude.
Surf's up!

CUT TO:

82

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - ZUMA BEACH - DUSK

82

CRANE SHOT, nice and WIDE, showing the slug-mobile
turning off P.C.H. onto a gravel road which curves
down to the beach. The following is V.O. as the car
approaches the water.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

JETSON (V.O.)
Stop the car.

SYKES (V.O.)
Why?

JETSON (V.O.)
Please, I must get out here.

SYKES (V.O.)
Come on, you won't have to get
near the water.

JETSON (V.O.)
Stop the car!

We see the car pull to a stop in a cloud of dust.

83 INT. SLUG-MOBILE - DUSK

83

SYKES
All right, okay. Keep your
pantyhose on. Jeez, when in
doubt, freak out, for
chrissake.

Sykes sees that his partner is covered with a sudden
sheen of sweat, his hands shaking. Sykes softens.

SYKES
(continuing)
It's all right, George. It's
cool. Just wait here, all
right? I'll be back in a
coupla minutes.

JETSON
Thank you.

He climbs out and Sykes drives down to the beach...
toward a cluster of vehicles: a Sheriff's black-and-
white, a coroner's wagon, and Fedorchuk's unmarked
sedan.

84 EXT. BEACH - DUSK

84

A quick glimpse of a pile of dark yuck in the shape
of a person, black and skeletal beneath the remains
of a silk suit. Wound around the corpse are
streamers of kelp and other high tide detritus.

looking down at the body. A CORONER'S TECHNICIAN is doing a closer inspection.

FEDORCHUK

Found his wallet in his jacket pocket. Joshua Strader, big as life.

CORONER'S TECH

Jesus, what a mess. It's gonna be a bear to make a positive determination, but it looks to me like he was shot before being tossed in the drink. At least twice --

(indicates where hearts would've been on the body)

-- here, and here.

Sykes absorbs this. He rises along with Fedorchuk and Alterez.

SYKES

How're you two doing on Tuggle's killer?

ALTEREZ

The store owner's son is in a street gang, so now we're thinking maybe it's gang related.

SYKES

Yeah, that's real good. You guys follow up on that for a coupla months.

Fedorchuk looks up at Jetson standing on the bluff above.

FEDORCHUK

Look at your dilao partner. He's too scared to even come down on the sand.

(calls up to Jetson, even though he's too far away to hear)

You're not gonna get wet standing here, moron!

(CONTINUED)

SYKES

I'd like to see you next to a sea of hydrochloric acid, Fedorchuk... see how much surfin' you'd do.

Alvarez shoots a polaroid of the body. Sykes grabs it as it emerges from the camera and walks back toward his car. Fedorchuk flips him the bird. As Sykes rounds the car, he sees that someone has drawn on the door in yellow liquid chalk marker a big star with "E.T.P.D." printed inside it. Sykes looks around. Fedorchuk and the others stand together chuckling, conspicuously not looking in this direction.

SYKES

Cute.

86

EXT. BEACH ROAD - DUSK

86

Sykes has stopped to pick Jetson up.

He's wiping the E.T.P.D. from the door as Jetson approaches from the edge of the bluff. Fedorchuk pulls up alongside in his n.d. sedan. He calls off to Jetson, who is still twenty yards away.

FEDORCHUK

Well, if it isn't Detective Jetson. Forget your hip waders, big guy?

SYKES

Lay off, asshole.

FEDORCHUK

I may be an asshole, but at least I'm a real detective, not some outer shit space thing.

Sykes, his face neutral, which we should by now know to be highly dangerous, saunters to Fedorchuk's car and leans against it.

SYKES

Yeah? You're a real honest-to-god detective...?

Sykes grabs the back of Fedorchuk's head and slams it into the steering wheel, BAM-HONK!, and in doing so, has hurt his hand again (the hand he hit Jetson with).

(CONTINUED)

He shakes that hand while lunging in and grabbing Fedorchuk's car keys with the other.

SYKES

(continuing)

Then detect these!

Fedorchuk, holding his bloody nose, watches as his car keys sail out in an arc out over the bluff. Jetson, just climbing into the slug-mobile, witnesses the last of this scene without knowing how it began.

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - DUSK

Sykes gets in, slams the door. His hand hurts as he grabs the wheel. He holds the wheel gingerly as he slams the car into gear and hurls gravel up the road toward P.C.H. Jetson looks over, curious.

JETSON

What was that about?

SYKES

(embarrassed that he defended Jetson)

Nothing.

On Jetson's confused expression, we --

CUT TO:

EXT. BURGER STAND #2 - NIGHT

A different burger stand. Sykes and Jetson sit across from each other at one of the outdoor tables... Sykes with his greasy burger, Jetson with his mole strips. This time they have no trouble eating in front of each other as they talk.

SYKES

...So we've got three guys dead. All Newcomers, all killed the same way -- execution style.

JETSON

Warren Hubley was in middle management at a refinery... Joshua Strader operated a successful bar and nightclub...

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

SYKES
...and Porter ran a piece of
shit mom-and-pop mini-mart.
(beat)
So what the hell's the
connection?

CUT TO:

89 OMIT

89 *

90 INT. PATHOLOGY LAB OFFICE - NIGHT

90

Sykes and Jetson enter the cluttered lab office. Winter is here
eating take-our chicken at his cluttered desk.

SYKES
You guys finished the
postmortem on Strader yet?

WINTER
(his mouth full)
You mean The Blob? They're
finishing up now.

JETSON
Is Bentner here? I must speak
with him.

WINTER
He went home early -- his kid
was sick.

Jetson frowns.

WINTER
(continuing)
Yeah, but he left something
for you.

He wipes his greasy fingers on a napkin, then finds
an envelope on the desk and hands it to Jetson.
Jetson tears open the sealed envelope. The message
inside is written in the alien language.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

WINTER

(continuing)

Does this have something to do
with the test he ran that he
wouldn't tell me about?

91 CLOSE - JETSON

91

His expression grows stricken as he reads the
message.

92 BACK TO SCENE

92

SYKES

(getting very curious
and suspicious now)

What kind of test?

WINTER

Looking for some foreign
compound in the blood of that
alien you dropped the other
day.

SYKES

Did he find anything?

Winter shrugs, indicates the message Jetson reads, as
if to say, "Maybe it says in there".

SYKES

(to Jetson)

Well?

Jetson refolds the paper and puts it in his pocket.

He is clearly disturbed by what he has read. He
looks at Sykes a moment, then quickly breaks eye
contact.

JETSON

It is nothing.

Jetson quickly moves off. Sykes hurries off after
him.

93 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

93

Sykes hurries to catch up with the fast walking
Jetson. They eventually reach the elevators and
Jetson jabs the button during:

(CONTINUED)

SYKES

What's this nothing shit? It wasn't nothing yesterday when you asked Bentner to run that test and he looked like he was about to shit peach pits, and it's not nothing now. Don't lie to me, George, you're bad at it.

JETSON

(distant, closed)

You must leave me alone on this.

The elevator arrives, he steps in. Sykes follows.

94

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

94

They enter the empty elevator. Jetson presses the button to descend.

SYKES

No, see, I don't leave you alone... I'm your partner. I don't work that way...Tug didn't work that way.

Jetson remains steadfast. Sykes, about to explode, slams his palm against the red Emergency Stop button and the elevator lurches to a halt between floors.

SYKES

(continuing)

No secrets, goddammit! You don't hold back from me. Whatever is going on, you're gonna tell me now!

JETSON

(agonizing)

No. I cannot involve you. This is not your concern.

SYKES

The hell it isn't, when somebody wires up enough C-4 explosive to my car to turn me into pink mist!

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SYKES

(continuing)

That Slag was on something,
and not sour milk, either? Am
I right?

(he has backed Jetson
to the wall by sheer
force of will)

TELL ME! What is it?

JETSON

(finally)

...It is called ss'jabroka'.
To us it is a potent narcotic.

SYKES

How potent?

JETSON

Like your cocaine, I suppose.
The "high" lasts several
hours. We would receive small
amounts of it... as a reward
for our labor.

SYKES

He? You've taken it?

JETSON

We all did.

SYKES

Where did he get it? Was
there any of it on the ship?

JETSON

No... I am sure not. That is
why I am so concerned...
someone must now be producing
it here.

(emphatically)

But none of my people knows how
to make it. The process was
carefully guarded.

SYKES

(as the enormity sinks in)
Jesus, this is major.

(then)

Why didn't you tell me sooner?
Why'd you hold out on me?

(CONTINUED)

JETSON

Your people don't know about this part of our past. And they can't know -- It would threaten our entire existence here.

The voltage runs out of Sykes. He seems to understand Jetson's dilemma.

SYKES

George... look me in the eye...
George, you don't ever lie to me
again.

JETSON

I must trust you, Matthew. I cannot stop this without you.

Sykes stares at Jetson... absorbing the enormity of the earth-shattering secret this alien has asked him to keep.

CUT TO:

Sykes and Jetson move quickly to the slug-mobile. Sykes reaches for the driver's door handle with his punching hand. He winces in pain... the son-of-a-bitch still hurts. He looks across at Jetson opening the passenger door.

SYKES

George? How about you drive...

Jetson looks over at him... gently reacting to this vote of confidence. They walk quickly around to the opposite doors, climb in.

CUT TO:

96 OMIT

97 INT. CORRIDOR - BUREAU OF NEWCOMER AFFAIRS - NIGHT

Sykes and Jetson move down this government-building corridor.

SYKES

There's gotta be some other connection.

They enter a door marked BUREAU OF NEWCOMER AFFAIRS.

98 INT. BUREAU OF NEWCOMER AFFAIRS - NIGHT

HIGH SHOT showing the maze of partitioned cubicles filling this huge room. It's all but deserted. Sykes and Jetson are off to one side with a heavyset woman (human) COMPUTER OPERATOR, who they've shanghaied into helping them after hours.

99 CLOSER - AT COMPUTER OPERATOR'S DESK

She sits at her computer terminal. Sykes and Jetson stand behind her as she types in commands and information.

She types: Hubley Warren. The computer screen flashes past various information, then settles on a screen full of information on HUBLEY, WARREN.

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR
Here's Hubley.

(scanning it)
Left Quarantine on November
thirtieth, relocated first to
Riverside, then moved to Los
Angeles early in February the
following year. Field of expertise:
chemical manufacturing. Looks
like he passed up several other
better paying jobs waiting for that
one at the refinery.

SYKES
Try Joshua Strader, will ya,
darlin'?

OPERATOR
For you, anything.

The Operator punches up STRADER.JOSHUA. The screen
fills with information.

OPERATOR
(continuing, reading from
screen)
Released on November twenty-ninth.
Came immediately to L.A. Ten weeks
after arriving he took over the
abandoned club which is now
"Encounters".

JETSON
(to Operator)
Now the store owner, please.
Cecil Porter.

She types it in.

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR

Released December one. He and his wife moved first to Modesto, then Coalinga, California -- wherever that is -- settled in L.A. in April. Field of expertise: organic chemical engineering. He and his wife have one child, a son.

SYKES

Yeah -- we met him. Wonderful boy... close personal friend of George's here.

OPERATOR

I'm sorry, Matt. Nothing here seems to be matching up...

But Sykes wasn't listening. He's staring off... an idea forming. He stands there a moment, considering it, his face looking like he's chewing something sour. It's so off-the-wall it takes a moment for him to assimilate it. Then --

SYKES

Holy shit...

(to Jetson)

Look what we're staring at: three Newcomers with nothing in common, right? What if it's just one other guy who killed these three?

(Jetson looks at him blankly)

Three and one make four. Four Newcomers... of totally different backgrounds...

(Jetson still doesn't get it)

You and the store owner's son -- that punker!

Suddenly the realization hits Jetson, too. He looks at Sykes.

JETSON

...Quarantine.

(CONTINUED)

99

CONTINUED (3):

99

Sykes spins to the Operator, excited.

SYKES

Can you dig up their Quarantine records on this thing?

OPERATOR

Sure. Just a minute.

She moves up a screen to the top of Porter's information.

OPERATOR

(to herself)

Porter was in Lodge seven seven two.

She rapidly types in additional information. The screen shifts as she jumps files. Finally she gets a line that reads: ENTER LODGE NUMBER: She types: 7-7-2.

Sykes and Jetson lean in as the screen goes blank... then information flashes past as the computer searches... then, finally: Occupants, Quarantine Lodge 772: HUBLEY, WARREN
.....STRADER, JOSHUA.....

Sykes and Jetson react -- their hunch is coming true.

On the computer screen:PORTER, CECIL
.....

Sykes and Jetson, their faces bathed in the green kick of the screen, stare without blinking, waiting for that forth name.

On the computer screen:HARCOURT, WILLIAM.

100

CLOSE - SYKES AND JETSON

100

reacting to the name.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. "ENCOUNTERS" - NIGHT

101

CLOSE on a limousine door as it opens and a tall figure rises from the back seat. We TILT UP to reveal William Harcourt.

We MOVE with him as walks to the n.d. van (from the beach scene) parked in front of the limousine. Kipling is just sliding out of the passenger side of the cab. Quint exits the driver door. Kipling slides open the van's side panel, reaches in for--

-- a large black suitcase. He slides it out. Harcourt nods. He and Kipling start into the club, followed by Quint.

102 INT. "ENCOUNTERS" - NIGHT

102

The club is deserted tonight as Harcourt and entourage move toward the back.

103 EXT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

103

Harcourt and the others move up the stairs to the second floor. Cassandra, wearing a slinky dress, is at the top of the stairs waiting for them. She's very uncomfortable dealing with Harcourt. Kipling and Quint continue on toward the office door. Harcourt pauses with Cassandra. He touches the neckline of her dress, letting his fingers linger against her flesh.

HARCOURT

Quite lovely...

(best)

What is your name again?

CASSANDRA

(flinching involuntarily
at his touch)

Cassandra.

HARCOURT

(a chilling smile)

I will have to remember that...

He continues down toward the office door. Cassandra watches him go.

CUT TO:

FRANCISCO

They had months in quarantine to develop the plan. Porter, with his chemistry background, must have somehow come up with the formula for the drug. Hubley manufactured it -- at the refinery. Strader, through the nightclub, established a distribution network. And Harcourt --

SYKES

Harcourt was the brain who brought it all together.

A104 EXT. REFINERY - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

A104

104 EXT. REFINERY - NIGHT

104

The slugmobile skids to a stop at the loading dock entrance. Sykes and Francisco climb out. They hop up onto the loading platform and move purposefully into the well-lit interior through the open doors.

105 INT. REFINERY - NIGHT

105

It is Saturday night, the plant is barely operational -- only a few WORKERS around. Sykes and Francisco move purposefully toward the back.

SYKES

Okay, George -- we gotta play this real smart.

FRANCISCO

If the drug is here, we must destroy it.

SYKES

No, George -- you're missing the point. The drug is evidence. We need to have the evidence, ya know?

Francisco doesn't reply -- he's focused beyond what Sykes is saying. Sykes spots O'Neal up ahead by the refrigeration door to the METHANE SECTION.

SYKES

(continuing)

That's the guy...

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

O'Neal recognizes Sykes and doesn't wait around for the big Newcomer bearing down on him. He dodges quickly through the refrigeration door and swings it closed. Francisco's hand hits the door an instant later, before it is latched, and he pushes it open despite O'Neal's body weight against the other side.

106 INT. METHANE ROOM - NIGHT

106

Francisco grabs O'Neal by the collar and drags him deeper into the deserted room.

O'NEAL

Hey, what are you, crazy?! You
can't come in here like this! Hey!

Sykes reaches the doorway, stops and stares.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

SYKES

So much for playing it smart...

O'Neal's feet are barely touching the ground as Jetson moves along the row of drug-manufacturing equipment.

Finally he reaches a stainless steel tub... he runs a long finger along the inside, comes up with some residue of the drug. It glistens blue on his finger. It holds him mesmerized for several moments... his expression that of a former junkie beholding the stuff he used to covet so.

SYKES

(tentatively stepping
closer)

Is that it...?

A beat, then Jetson explodes -- he sweeps a rack of equipment off the worktable, savagely wipes the drug from his hand onto O'Neal's shirt-front as he slams and pins the bug-eyed O'Neal to the wall.

SYKES

Uh, George...

JETSON

(in O'Neal's face)

Where is the drug? Where have they
taken it?

O'NEAL

(choking)

What drug? This is an oil
refinery, you...

JETSON

(pushing harder)

WHERE?!

O'NEAL

(unable to breathe)

You... can't do... this!

SYKES

George, uh... you're gonna break
his little chest bones...

JETSON

Stay out of this, Matthew.

(to O'Neal)

Tell me where the drug has been
taken or I will crush your lungs
against this wall.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED (2):

106

O'Neal is experiencing real fear now. Sykes has decided to back Jetson up, for better or worse. He takes the "good cop" role.

SYKES

Don't piss him off, O'Neal. When he gets like this, I can't control him. I've seen this before. He got like this once -- I saw him jerk a guy's spine out and show it to him. Nothing I could do. I had to go throw up.

O'NEAL

(at length, with great effort)

...They took the stuff out, all of it -- this afternoon.

JETSON

How much?

O'NEAL

About fifty kilos... of concentrate... and some street grade... in tubes.

Jetson reacts to this... then increases the pressure. O'Neal is really in bad trouble now. Even Sykes takes a half-step forward -- thinking Jetson might actually crush this man.

JETSON

Where have they taken it?

O'NEAL

Encount... Encounters Club.

Finally, Jetson eases off. O'Neal slumps to the floor, gasping for air.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. REFINERY - NIGHT

107

This time Jetson is the juggernaut... his expression set and hard... as he strides to the car. Sykes practically has to run to keep up.

(CONTINUED)

107

CONTINUED:

107

SYKES

George, c'mon -- lighten up. It's a beauty of a case. Don't sweat it -- we got him by the short hairs. He ain't gonna make any more of the shit.

JETSON

The fifty kilos, Matthew. I have to find it. I can't let it get out on the street.

SYKES

~~Why? What's the big goddamn deal?~~

Jetson has reached the driver's door of the slug-mobile, yanks it open.

SYKES

(continuing; as Jetson starts the car)

You destroy that drug, you destroy the case. Don't blow the whole thing now by not following procedure.

JETSON

(through the open driver's window)

Fuck procedure.

And to Sykes's shock, he throws the car in gear and peels out.

SYKES

Hey!!

Jetson accelerates toward the security gate. The guard in the shack starts yelling and runs out as the slug-mobile bashes through the barricade bar.

SYKES

GEORGE! GODDAMMIT!

Sykes stands here like a moron -- with no partner, no car. A pickup truck carrying a Worker just getting off shift starts ambling past. Sykes runs in front of it, waving his badge. The pickup skids to a stop.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED (2):

107

SYKES

Police. Get out. I need this
thing. Out, now!

The poor guy bails out and Sykes jumps in, jamming it into gear. The truck has seen better days... it doesn't have much power to give as Sykes floors it toward the exit.

CUT TO:

108 INT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

108

As Jetson races along the freeway, whipping past other traffic. He takes a hand off the wheel, reaches over and pops open the glovebox. He shoves some maps and garbage aside, reaches deep inside for something -- we don't see what.

CUT TO:

109 INT. ENCOUNTERS - NIGHT

109

Cassandra walks a trio of well-dressed DRUG DEALERS (two alien, one human) through the deserted club.

110 INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

110

She leads them to the office door, opens it, then lets them enter ahead of her. A couple of them smile at her lasciviously as they brush past. She is about to enter herself when an alien hand flashes in behind her, covering her mouth, pulling her backwards away from the door.

It is Jetson. He had been hiding behind some crates stacked here in the corridor. He pins Cassandra powerfully to the wall, keeping one hand over her mouth. She struggles until she sees who it is.

JETSON

I am here to take Harcourt. Where
is he?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

CASSANDRA
(hesitates, then decides
to cooperate; indicates
with a nod toward office
door)
In there.

JETSON
(pulling his gun)
Show me.

111 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

111

The large suitcase rests on the expansive conference table. A manicured alien hand reaches in and slowly opens it. Inside are fifty one-kilo glass tubes full of the viscous blue drug. Also several of the small, individual dispensers. It is Harcourt, standing behind the table in a pool of light, who has opened the suitcase. He is flanked by Kipling... with Quint elsewhere in the room. The room is lit by track light, creating pools of light and dark.

The two alien Dealers' eyes widen at the sight of the drug. The human Dealer doesn't know what it is:

HARCOURT
(to alien dealers)
It's been a long time, hasn't it,
gentlemen?

HUMAN DEALER
What is it?

HARCOURT
A sweet indulgence from our
past... resurrected for our future.

Harcourt sees the hungry expressions on the alien Dealers' faces... smiles knowingly. He slides one of the dispensers from the suitcase:

HARCOURT
(continuing; to alien
dealers)
Please feel free to
sample the quality. The experience
will be everything you remember it
to be...

(CONTINUED)

One of the alien Dealers takes the dispenser, brings it to his tongue. The other alien dealer turns to Harcourt--

ALIEN DEALER

Where'd you get it?

HARCOURT

I arranged to spend some time with three very resourceful men. With a certain amount of coaxing, one of them was able to reconstitute the formula for me.

(beat)

They worked very well together. Unfortunately, they are no longer with us...but I was fortunate enough to reap the benefit of their endeavor.

He indicates the drug. The first alien Dealer sways gently, enjoying the sensation. The second alien Dealer takes his hit...shudders as the first rush washes over him. The human Dealer is no fool...he grabs the dispenser.

HUMAN DEALER

Let me try some.

(he does, immediately spits it out)
Jesus! Tastes like detergent!

HARCOURT

And that's all the effect it will have on you. But when my fellow Newcomers learn they can obtain it here, they will work very hard... to make as much money as they can... to give it to me.

Suddenly, a voice from the shadows near the open door to the other office:

VOICE

You haven't told him all of it.

Harcourt and the others react. Quint leaps to his feet, caught off guard. Kipling reaches for his shoulder holster. A silhouette beside the open door to the outer office nudges Cassandra into the light of the room, then steps out himself. It is Jetson.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED (2):

111

Quint gets his gun out, is about to aim... when his eyes go wide at the sight of something Jetson holds.

It is the plastic explosive charge that Quint was wiring to the slug-mobile. The wires are connected and Jetson's finger squeezes down hard on the detonation push-switch.

QUINT

He's got the C-4 charge!

Jetson moves forward slowly, holding the bomb in front of him. He is sweating rivers. The others quickly join him. He nudges Cassandra ahead of himself, keeping her where he can see her.

QUINT

(continuing)

Just take it real casual, buddy.
Keep your finger on that button and
don't do nothing squirrely.

HARCOURT

If you release that button, you not
only kill us, but yourself.

JETSON

To get you and that --
(indicates drug in
suitcase)
-- I would do it.

He says it with such straightforward eye contact, that Harcourt (and we) know he isn't bluffing.

JETSON

Everyone up against that wall. Very
slowly.

(to Harcourt)

Except you.

Harcourt remains behind the desk. Cassandra stays where she is, near Jetson. The others move to the wall. Kipling in particular is going nuts, letting this happen.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED (3):

111

Jetson takes the "sample" dispenser from the table, tosses it into the suitcase, then closes the lid and locks it. All the while keeping his eye on Harcourt and the others.

HARCOURT

One small matter seems to have escaped your attention. That --
 (indicates suitcase)
 -- is not on any books as a controlled substance. Legally it might as well be fifty kilos of... grape jelly.

JETSON

The charge is murder...and conspiracy to commit murder. Hubley, Porter, Strader... probably others.

There's a flicker of concern behind Harcourt's icy blue eyes.

Cassandra stares at Harcourt.

CASSANDRA

You... you killed Strader?

Cassandra runs to Harcourt grabbing his jacket.

CASSANDRA

Where's Todd?! Did you do something to Todd?!

Harcourt looks down at her, totally uninvolved.

HARCOURT

Todd? Who is Todd.

(then remembers; smiles)

Ah, poor Mr. Watson.

Cassandra's eyes go wide as the horror of what he said sinks in. Jetson nudges Harcourt with the suitcase. They start out. Cassandra, wild with rage, grabs Quint's .357 and with a KEENING WAIL, brings it up toward Harcourt's face.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED (4):

111

JETSON

NOOO!

Jetson drops the suitcase as he lunges for the gun. He manages to knock it away just as she fires -- the bullet going into the wall behind Harcourt. Striking like a mongoose, Kipling leaps forward, grabbing the two lead wires on the bomb in Jetson's hand and jerking them apart. Jetson reacts an instant late... releasing the switch... and nothing happens.

KIPLING

I got it!

Kipling tackles Jetson and they both go crashing to the floor. Quint grabs the gun from Cassandra and hammers her with it, hard. She drops to her knees and Quint viciously hits her again.

Meanwhile, Jetson struggles to regain his feet. Kipling rears back and delivers a crushing blow under Jetson's arm -- to the nerve plexus. Jetson instantly folds over forward and Kipling savagely brings up his knee into Jetson's face, flipping him back. Kipling slams him into the wall face-first, pinning him there.

HARCOURT

Kill them both.

KIPLING

Here?

HARCOURT

(raging)

Do it!

Quint brings the gun up, places the muzzle against the base of Cassandra's skull, starts to squeeze the trigger. There's a loud BLAM! and Cassandra flinches... then looks up.

Quint is blown backwards away from her.

Sykes stands in the doorway from the private office, the Casull smoking in his hand.

Quint hits the wall behind him -- only it's not a solid wall but the huge window overlooking the club. He crashes through.

112-116 OMIT

117 ANGLE FROM DANCE FLOOR

117

as the wall of mirror explodes IN SLOW MOTION and Quint cartwheels to the floor in a shower of diamonds.

118 ANGLE - IN THE OFFICE

118

Kipling shoves Jetson aside, draws his gun and fires at Sykes.

Sykes dodges into the private office for cover.

The three drug Dealers dive behind any available furniture.

Harcourt snatches up the suitcase and rushes to the door leading into the adjoining outer office.

Sykes swings around the edge of the private office door, straight-arms the Casull into the office and fires. Kipling fires back, crossing toward the outer office door, covering Harcourt's back. Sykes ducks back down.

An unsteady Jetson rises from the floor, sees Harcourt and Kipling escaping, and takes off after them.

Sykes straight-arms the gun into the room again ... sees Jetson disappearing through the adjoining office door. He moves into the room as the three drug Dealers, arms up in surrender, rise from behind the furniture.

ALIEN DEALER

Don't shoot, man -- we're unarmed -
- look!

Sykes looks at these harmless wimps ... then at Cassandra.

SYKES

You okay?

CASSANDRA

(dazed, but all right)

Yeah...

And he charges out the adjoining office door.

119-122 OMIT

A123 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - ENCOUNTERS - NIGHT

A123

Harcourt and Kipling bang down the metal stairs. Jetson is ten feet above them. Sykes flies out onto the fire escape, a few steps behind Jetson. A POLICE CAR SIREN is HEARD arriving o.s.

B123 EXT. ALLEY - BEHIND ENCOUNTERS - NIGHT

B123

Two UNIFORMED OFFICERS bound from their unit and run into the back entrance of the club, leaving the unit running.

Two seconds later, Harcourt and Kipling leap down from the fire escape, find themselves near the unit.

HARCOURT

Here!

He throws the suitcase into the passenger side door, jumps in. Kipling dives in behind the wheel, slams it into gear and floors it.

Jetson and Sykes hit the ground just as the unit peels out. Sykes raises the Casull and fires at the fleeing car. One slug shatters a tail light, others pepper the rear of the trunk, but the car keeps going.

JETSON

This way!

He indicates the slug-mobile parked nearby. They race to it, jump in... Sykes driving. He burns rubber as he pulls out.

A second arriving police unit pulls into the alley, heading straight for the slug-mobile. Sykes has to grate between the alley wall and the arriving police unit to get past.

123 EXT. WEST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

123

Harcourt and Kipling in the first police unit come thundering down the street zig-zagging through traffic. The slug-mobile is three-quarters of a block behind them.

124 INSIDE THE BLACK-AND-WHITE

124

Harcourt begins fumbling with the dash switches... eventually hitting the right ones and the roof lights and SIREN blast on.

125 EXT. WEST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

125

It looks like a backwards chase, the slug-mobile chasing the howling police car through traffic.

A126 INT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

A126

Jetson allertly eyes the approaching traffic -- calls it out to Sykes the way he was trained at the academy.

JETSON

Slow traffic on your right...
you're clear at the left rear...
(Sykes changes lanes)
Careful, red light ahead...

With Jetson's help, Sykes is able to dice throught the cross-traffic without incident.

B126 EXT. WEST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

B126

The traffic ahead of the police car peels off in response to the approaching lights and SIREN. Kipling dodges around the stopped traffic easily.

The same traffic that has pulled over for the police car now starts easing back onto the street, cutting off the slug-mobile.

126 INT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

126

Sykes's expression tells us he's slipped into the same juggernaut mode we saw during the foot chase in the alley.

JETSON

Yellow light ahead turning red...

But Sykes doesn't slow -- instead he floors it.

JETSON

(continuing; wide-eyed)
Red light! Red light!

127 EXT. WEST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

127

Sykes peels around the merging traffic, cuts across the intersection, and continues the chase. On the wrong side of the road, head-on into traffic!

Headlights peel off in front of them as they charge along the wrong side. They eventually catch up to the police unit, racing parallel to it, but with the divider between them.

128-132 OMIT

A132 INT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

A132

Sykes keeps one hand on the wheel and draws the Casull with the other. He brings it up and around right in front of Jetson's nose, pointing it through the passenger window at Kipling.

At that moment, Kipling glances over and reacts to the bore of this huge gun staring him in the kisser.

Jetson reacts to the gun in his face... then reacts to something else he sees beyond it.

JETSON

Green light, Matthew.

(Sykes doesn't respond)

Green light!

Now Sykes looks. The light at the inter-section has just turned green -- and the rows of the cars that were waiting start coming. It's a wall of headlights coming right for the slug-mobile!

SYKES

Shit!

JETSON

Ss-ai!

B132 EXT. WEST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

B132

Sykes locks up the brakes. Kipling veers around a couple of cars and speeds away.

Because of the other traffic, Sykes has only one course of action. He skids a left onto a side street.

C132 EXT. SIDE STREETS - NIGHT

C132

Sykes burns rubber down this quieter street, squeals a right onto another street that parallels the street the police unit is on. At the first street available, he cuts back in behind the police unit.

D132 EXT. FIRST STREET OVERPASS - NIGHT

D132

Sykes's car tears along below the overpass -- with the police unit directly above them! An on-ramp approaches for the slug-mobile and Sykes floors it.

E132 INT. BLACK-AND-WHITE - NIGHT

E132

Harcourt turns in his seat just in time to see the slug-mobile airborne as it flies from the on-ramp, landing a few feet behind the black-and-white's bumper.

F132 EXT. FIRST STREET OVERPASS - NIGHT

F132

With the slug-mobile now, the police unit hangs a right, cuts through a parking lot, and bounces onto --

G132 EXT. SECOND STREET AND TUNNEL - NIGHT

G132

The police unit hangs a u-turn into the Second Street tunnel. It clips one of the civilian cars, causing a pile-up of traffic behind the police unit.

The slug-mobile skids to a stop, blocked by the clog of traffic in the tunnel. Sykes is out of the drivers door in a flash, stands on the door frame, and yells --

SYKES

Move your goddamned cars!

People climb out of their cars dazed and bewildered -- ignoring Sykes. Sykes slides behind the wheel, bangs his bumper the car in front of him, and pushes the car far enough forward to get around. He speeds off.

H132 EXT. FREEWAY/INT. BLACK-AND-WHITE NIGHT

H132

Kipling rockets up a freeway on-ramp. Harcourt smiles with satisfaction -- there's no sign of the slug-mobile behind them. Kipling eases off, blends into the flow of traffic.

I132 EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

I132

Sykes slaloms the slug-mobile through the civilian traffic like Mario Andretti lapping the pack at Indianapolis.

J132 INT. SLUG-MOBILE/NIGHT

J132

Jetson spots the police unit in the right land ahead.

JETSON

There!

Sykes sees it. Thinking fast, he eases off, using another car as a blind. He waits until the police unit is parallel to an off-ramp, then guns ahead and swings right, directly for the police unit.

Kipling looks over, reacts, just as the slug-mobile broadsides the police unit. Sykes forces the police unit up the off-ramp.

K132 EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

K132

Door handle to door handle, the two cars slue to the right. The police unit breaks out in front, but Sykes stays right on its ass. They charge up onto --

L132 EXT. VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE - NIGHT

L132

The police unit and slug-mobile -- bumper to bumper at 80 MPH.

132 INT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

132

As the cars scream along, Jetson cranes out the side window, looking in distress at the inky seawater flashing past below.

133-137 OMIT

A138 EXT. VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE - NIGHT

133-137
A138

They reach the far end of the bridge and skid wide onto --

B138 EXT. HENRY FORD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

B138

A clear two lane straightaway near the ocean. Sykes pushes the slug-mobile to its limits, pulls alongside the police unit. The two cars trade blows at 90+ MPH. Kipling manages to send Sykes onto the dirt shoulder, slowing him down.

C138 INT. BLACK-AND-WHITE - NIGHT

C138

Kipling watches the slug-mobile in the rear view mirror, then looks back out the front to see the end of the road coming up fast! Harcourt bellows at Kipling, who slams on the brakes.

D138 EXT. END OF BOULEVARD - NIGHT

D138

The police unit skids to a stop before hitting a chain link fence where the road ends. An abandoned drawbridge and the ocean are on the other side of the fence.

With nowhere else to go, Harcourt yells something at Kipling and Kipling floors it back the way they came.

E138 EXT. HENRY FORD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

E138

The two cars are racing for a full head-on. At the last instant, Sykes wrenches the wheel, throws the slug-mobile sideways, passenger side first. The police unit smashes into the rear door and fender of the slug-mobile, both cars skidding madly to a stop. A fire ignites under the hood of the police unit.

138 INT. SLUGMOBILE - NIGHT

138

Sykes sits stunned behind the wheel. Disoriented but conscious, he raises his head, looks over... sees Jetson out cold, his forehead gashed and bleeding. Then he looks over and sees the fire growing under the police unit's hood which is crunched up against the rear of the slugmobile -- near the gas tank.

139 OMIT

A140 EXT. HENRY FORD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

A140

Sykes slides out of the driver's door, stumbles to Jetson's door, wrenches it open, and drags the huge unconscious alien away from the cars.

He's still dragging Jetson away when he spots Harcourt pulling himself through the smashed police unit window. Bruised and bleeding, Harcourt reaches in for the suitcase, then starts to run with it.

With Jetson a safe distance away from the cars, Sykes clambers to his feet, draws the Casull, and starts off after Harcourt.

Harcourt reaches the chain link fence leading to the closed drawbridge. He heaves the suitcase over, then starts to climb.

Sykes lumbers past the burning police unit. Kipling is still behind the wheel, his head slumped forward. Sykes is just past the cars when they explode -- sending hoods and door panels and glass flying in all directions. Harcourt, on the other side of the fence, grabs the suitcase and limps off into the shadowy world of the abandoned drawbridge.

Sykes reaches the fence. Instead of climbing, he simply blows the lock to hell with the Casull, and kicks open the gate.

B140 EXT. ABANDONED DRAWBRIDGE - NIGHT

B140

The end of the bridge is in the "up" position ... a huge asphalt slab stabbing up into the night sky. Harcourt runs along the pools of light and dark at the edge of the bridge, the black seawater drifting past beside him. His foot slips once and he almost goes over the side.

Sykes -- backlit by the burning cars, the big Casull a prominent part of the silhouette -- just keeps coming.

(CONTINUED)

Harcourt reaches the shadows at the end of the bridge -- and has nowhere to go. He is backed into a corner, with seawater on two sides of him. Harcourt pivots frantically, sees Sykes coming this way. Harcourt is a trapped animal. His chest heaves in panic. Then his gaze falls on the suitcase behind him ... and slowly ... finally ... a look of resolve comes into his eye.

140 ON SYKES

140

He eases cautiously toward the shadows where he knows Harcourt is. There's some movement among the shadows, and Sykes straight-arms the Casull, his finger white against the trigger.

Perspiration drips into Sykes's eye but he doesn't blink. A long moment, then --

141 ANGLE - THE SHADOWS

141

Harcourt emerges from the darkness. His face is composed, the superior glint is back in his eye. His arms are held away from his sides at 30 degree angles, clearly in surrender.

Sykes cat-steps forward slowly. Harcourt stares at Sykes's eyes, and the desire there that Harcourt will give him an excuse. Harcourt simply... smiles.

SYKES

Move a finger, Harcourt, and you're history...

HARCOURT

No, Sergeant -- not history...

(beat)

Eternity...

And now Sykes sees it -- Harcourt has been holding one of the one-kilo glass cylinders of the drug concealed behind his arm. He brings it up over his head, grins at Sykes, then tilts back his head and cracks the cylinder open. The blue gel pours into his mouth and down his chin. His mouth fills.

He looks back at Sykes, making eye contact... his eyes mad, defiant. And -- he swallows. Long hold -- then the wallop of the overdose hits him... his face contorts in agony as he begins to convulse. Sykes, wide-eyed, lowers the Casull and watches as Harcourt drops to the ground and goes into a massive violent seizure. His limbs hammer against the deck... his back arches fiercely. It is a brutal, agonizing ten seconds. Then, finally, his body becomes still.

(CONTINUED)

141

CONTINUED:

141

Sykes, stunned at what he's just witnessed slowly goes to him and takes his pulse the way he saw Jetson do it. Nothing.

142-143 OMIT

144 HIGH ANGLE SHOT - THE ENTIRE AREA

144

Sykes stands. He notices the suitcase nearby, latches it, and hefts it. He carries it with him back toward the inferno of the wrecked cars, the Casull hanging heavy and cold in his hand.

145 ANGLE FOLLOWING SYKES

145

He approaches the burning cars, heading for Jetson. As he passes the burning cars, we have a half-second to register that the driver's door of the police unit is now open before --

-- a dark figure hurtles at Sykes's back from o.s.! Sykes is thrown forward. The suitcase crashes to the ground, and the Casull goes skittering off. Sykes looks up -- to be met by the singed and bleeding nightmare visage of Kipling! Kipling reaches down for the suitcase then Sykes hears it -- the telltale CLINKING SOUND. He looks -- and sees the exotic silver bracelet on Kipling's wrist. It connects for him; this is the bandana alien -- the one who killed Bill Tuggle!

Kipling brings the suitcase above his head. He is a half-second from hurling it down on Sykes' skull when -- a GUN ROARS. Kipling is thrown back by the chest wound. Sykes looks.

146 ANGLE

146

Jetson, half sitting up, holds the smoking Casull.

Kipling recovers enough to come at Sykes again with the suitcase again. Jetson, shaking but determined, fires again, and again, and again.

Kipling is driven backwards by the fusillade, the suitcase still over his head... until he is blasted at last and forever, suitcase and all, into the molten core of the inferno.

Sykes rises, makes his way to Jetson's side. Jetson has let the weight of the gun carry his hand to the ground. Sykes kneels beside him, gently taking the gun from the alien's hand. The two partners remain like this, bathed in the orange flickering glow of the fire.

147 HIGH WIDE SHOT

of the drawbridge, the debris, the carnage, and our two cops...

DISSOLVE TO:

148 EXT. HENRY FORD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

148

The police mop-up is winding down. Cop cars, coroner's wagons, fire trucks. We MOVE through it all to find Sykes and Jetson seated on the curb, away from the railing.

JETSON

With Harcourt and Kipling dead, I assume you will be requesting reassignment now.

SYKES

(cool)

It'd be for your own good. I think you'd be better off with a partner who's a little more... by the book.

(smiles)

...Still, I gotta tell you, George, for a quiet guy, you're sure hell on wheels once you get going. I'd kinda hate to miss your next two days as a detective.

Jetson smiles. He glances up as they are bathed in red and blue light. A patrol car has pulled up next to them. Inside is Wiltey, a uniformed cop.

WILTEY

I'll give you guys a lift to the station. They're waiting to take your statements on the shootings.

SYKES

(to Jetson)

Let's go, partner.

(then casually correcting Wiltey as he rises)

And it's shooting. Singular.

WILTEY

They said two.

SYKES

Nope. I didn't shoot Harcourt... he o.d.'d.

149 SHOCK CUT - JETSON

149

We rapidly PUSH IN ON HIM as his head snaps around toward Sykes. His expression tells us his blood has just turned to ice.

CUT TO:

150 OMIT

151 INT. CORONER'S WAGON - NIGHT

151

ANGLE FORWARD, shooting from the rear of the wagon, toward the DRIVER and ATTENDANT up front.

DRIVER

So it's just me and her left in the hot tub, right?

ATTENDANT

You and the blonde?

DRIVER

No, man, the redhead. The blonde's gone in the house with some other guy. But a few minutes later she comes back out, alone, when me and the redhead are going at it fast and furious in the tub, ya know... and she sees us, and... she climbs right in with us...

ATTENDANT

You're full of shit!

DRIVER

I swear it! If I'm lyin', I'm dyin'...

And, without warning, A LARGE INHUMAN HAND FLIES UP IN F.B., having ripped through the sealed body bag just below FRAME.

CUT TO:

152 INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

152

Jetson is up front with Wilkey; Sykes sits in the back, though he is on the edge of the seat, leaning forward toward the front. Jetson is intently, nervously scanning ahead and to both sides.

(CONTINUED)

152

CONTINUED:

152

JETSON

You are certain this is the route
they would have taken?

WILTEY

I'm not positive -- but probably.

SYKES

(warily)

What's this about, George? I know
that look.

JETSON

(spots something out a
side window)

There! Go back. Down that side
street.

Wiltey brakes, backs up, then turns into the side street.

153

ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD

153

as they approach an eerie scene. The coroner's wagon is
stopped at an angle in the middle of the intersection,
headlights and roof lights cutting into the night, the
back doors wide open. A patrol car is also here, on the
other side of the wagon. There is no movement anywhere
near the two vehicles.

Wiltey pulls the car up, his eyes like saucers at the
eerie scene. He reaches for the radio hand mike. Jetson
quickly covers it with a large hand.

JETSON

No!

(both Sykes and Wiltey
look at him)

We must do this alone.

SYKES

Do what?! George -- ?!

Jetson is already sliding out of the car.

154

EXT. STREET NEAR DOCKS - NIGHT

154

Jetson, Sykes, and Wiltey move warily forward, their guns
drawn. They reach the van and Sykes takes Wiltey's
flashlight, shines it through the open back doors. The
doors are bent outward, smashed half off their hinges.
One of the body bags is ripped open, literally split from
end to end. The blue and red lightbar on the other patrol
car can be seen through the wagon's front windshield.

(CONTINUED)

Jetson starts around the wagon toward the patrol car, Sykes and Wiltey follow. Lights all ablaze, it too is abandoned. One door has been wrenched off its hinges and lays in the street, and the front windshield is smashed. Our three cops approach the car, then Wiltey spots something beyond the unit.

WILTEY

Oh, God...

Sykes and Jetson look.

The bodies of the coroner wagon Driver and Attendant, as well as the two OFFICERS from the patrol car, are crushed and beaten and stretched out on the asphalt. Their arms are twisted as though by a mad force -- each pointing down the street toward the dock warehouses ahead. Wiltey stumbles away, backwards.

WILTEY

I'm calling for back up, now.

JETSON

Wiltey, no.

But Wiltey is going. Jetson starts after him... but Sykes grabs his arm, hard, and spins him.

SYKES

What is this?!

JETSON

(low)

...It's Harcourt.

SYKES

Harcourt is dead.

JETSON

No he's not. Not if he overdosed on the drug.

(searches for the words)

Massive amounts trigger a... a change. Your body functions seize up, you appear to be dead, but it's really a state of incubation. When you emerge you're...

SYKES

(looks at the four bodies
sprawled before him)

Tell me about it...

CUT TO:

155 -156 OMIT

157 EXT. STREET NEAR DOCKS - NIGHT

157

One minute later. OPEN CLOSE on a light shining into CAMERA, then WIDEN to reveal it is one of the door-mounted spotlights on Willey's patrol car. Willey eases the car down the center of the street. Sykes and Jetson, guns ready, walk slowly along on either side of the car... eyes everywhere.

158 MOVING POVS

158

as they move past the shadowy dock warehouses... watching for any signs of movement.

159 BACK TO SCENE

159

Sykes and Jetson converse across the hood of the car as they walk. Their eyes everywhere.

SYKES

I never thought I'd say this, but--
for once in my life I think I'm
willing to wait for back-up.

JETSON

We can't let him get away.

SYKES

Why the hell are you so dead set
against back-up?

JETSON

(a difficult admission)
Because... because of what will
happen if humans see what we are
capable of becoming.

SYKES

But there's no more drug.

JETSON

You understand that. But how many
others will?

Sykes looks across at Jetson's troubled expression.

Just then, Willey spots a flit of movement cutting across his headlight beams fifty yards ahead. Whatever it was, was large and fast. It darted into an open warehouse door.

WILTEY

There he is!

(CONTINUED)

159

CONTINUED:

159

And Willey floors it. Sykes and Jetson watch, unable to stop him.

JETSON

Willey!

He and Sykes take off running. Willey skids to the left, rockets in through the open warehouse door, out of sight. Sykes and Jetson pour it on. They hear a SCREECH OF BRAKES. They reach the warehouse door and race through.

160

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

160

LOW ANGLE, SHOOTING ACROSS the underside of Willey's stopped patrol car as Sykes's and Jetson's feet appear around the corner of the warehouse door. The car is still running -- the exhaust pipe still RUMBLING and expelling fumes. The feet slow... then cautiously start around the car. We PAN with them as they move around the side of the car. A dark liquid begins dripping in EXTREME F.G. We MOVE UP, to a CLOSE UP of the car bumper. The dark liquid is blood, dripping deep red on the shiny chrome. We MOVE UP farther, and --

-- there is Willey's severed head. IN CLOSE UP, resting on the hood of the patrol car.

Sykes and Jetson stop dead at the sight. Willey's body lies in a heap on the floor near the car. They both stare, then Sykes looks around the shadowy interior of the warehouse, his expression saying: what the hell could have done this so fast?

161

OMIT

161

A162 THEIR POV

A162

There are two paths to go. Both dark and scary as hell. The sound of a distant FOG HORN blends with the CREAKS and DRIPS of this waterfront building.

162 ANGLE - SYKES AND JETSON

162

Jetson reaches into the patrol car and pulls the shotgun from the dash mount. He checks the chamber as Sykes checks the Casull.

They exchange a knowing look...then wordlessly, they split up. Sykes takes the path to the left, Jetson to the right.

163-166 OMIT

163-166

A167 WITH JETSON

A167

As he moves into a dark area. He slowly picks his way along a long wall, having to step over all sorts of piled debris, heading toward us. We PAN slightly to the left to HOLD a door in CLOSE UP. The door, already ajar, eases open slightly wider. Jetson hears this. He reaches the door, sets himself, then spins and kicks the door open all the way. There's nothing inside...now.

Jetson looks up, sees movement in the distance. It is Sykes, quite far away, in another section of the warehouse. Sykes leaves Jetson's field of view.

B167 INT. WAREHOUSE - GUARD'S AREA - NIGHT

B167

Sykes walks around a corner - freezes, and cocks his head as he hears VOICES - followed, curiously, by LAUGHTER. He eases forward, peers around a bend, and sees -- a table and a chair. On the table is a mini-television, tuned to some local late night talk show. There's a thermos, a steaming cup of coffee, and a Twinkie with a single bite out of it beside the TV. The chair is empty, except for a jacket slung across the back, the word SECURITY stitched on the breast. The guard is nowhere in sight.

Sykes moves toward the table, taking in this eerie sight. He looks around, then continues on.

C167 INT. WAREHOUSE - APPROACHING STAIRS - NIGHT

C167

Jetson moves among the dark nooks and crannies, comes to a set of stairs leading to an upper floor. The top of the stairs is pitch black. Jetson adjusts his grip on the shotgun, slowly starts up the stairs.

D167 INT. WAREHOUSE - AT FISH NETS - NIGHT

D167

Sykes comes to rack upon rack of drying fish nets, hanging from the ceiling. He has no alternate route - he begins pushing through them.

E167 SYKES POV - MOVING THROUGH FISH NETS

E167

Because of the dimness, he can't see much beyond each rack of nets immediately before him. He keeps wading through -- it's like a house of mirrors, he can't tell how much farther he has to go to get out of the nets, and the deeper in he gets, the harder it would be to go back the way he came. He pushes past one particular rack of nets and looming out of the darkness ahead of him is --

-- a terrifying face!

F167 ON SYKES

F167

He stumbles back, gets tangled in the nets, brings up the Casull, is about to fire when...he sees what the face is. It's the maiden's figurehead from the bow of an old ship. The wood is worm-eaten and decayed, creating a hideous visage. Sykes stands there a moment, trying to jump-start his heart again.

G167 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

G167

Jetson moves along the rickety planks. He comes to a door. He eases it open, enters.

H167 INT. SECOND FLOOR ROOM - NIGHT

H167

Jetson moves into the shadowy confines. He hears an incessant drip from a sink faucet in the corner. He moves to it. Turns the spigot, stopping the drip. Other drips are HEARD from a dozen other hidden recesses all around him. He glances up at the filthy mirror attached to the wall above the sink. Suddenly he sees the movement of something behind him. He spins with the shotgun. A huge shadow moves along the wall. He pivots the shotgun again -- toward the source of the shadow.

It's a length of black tarp, torn and flapping from the ceiling. Jetson lets out a deep breath.

I167 INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

I167

ANGLE down a short passageway to an intersecting hallway. A strand of something hangs in FRAME in OUT OF FOCUS F.G. It makes an indistinct, rhythmic CLINKING SOUND. Sykes

(CONTINUED)

I167

CONTINUED

I16

moves along the intersecting hallway. The CLINKING SOUND catches his attention. He stops, listens, then starts down the passageway, toward us.

He comes forward into the storage room, having to get very close to the strand of something before he sees what it is. It's a double strand of chain, CLINKING gently against itself. Sykes reaches out, steadies the chain, silencing it. He considers. It could've been a natural occurrence...or something could have brushed against it, setting it in motion. He tightens his grip on the Casull, backing away from the chain. He senses something behind him and spins. Nothing there. He relaxes. However --

Behind him now, in SOFT FOCUS, we glimpse movement at the other end of the short passageway. It is a figure, moving slowly forward down the passageway, back-lit by the hallway light behind it, its shadow filling the passageway as it approaches Sykes. It stops, inside the room now, directly behind Sykes. Close enough to reach out and touch him. It is an alien silhouette, but larger, more powerful.

Suddenly, Sykes senses something is there. He turns, slowly, and --

167

SHOCK CUT - HARCOURT

167

as he steps from the shadows -- just like he did the last time Sykes saw him on the abandoned drawbridge. Only this time it is a horribly transformed Harcourt. His eyes are red-rimmed and piggish. His head is lumpen, his skin thick and hard. His neck muscles are corded -- giving him a kind of hellish cobra's cowl. There is still intelligence behind the eyes -- but it is a feral intelligence now.

HARCOURT

(his voice a guttural rumble)
Looking for me, Sergeant?

Sykes stumbles back several steps, wildly brings up the Casull, and fires. The powerful Casull round catches Harcourt in the shoulder, jerking it back.

168-174 OMIT

168-174

A175 EXT. WORK SHED AREA - NIGHT

A17

Jetson, in another area of the docks, hears the echoing blast of the Casull. He gauges as best he can the direction it came from and takes off running.

Harcourt recovers from the jolt of the bullet impact. The cloth of his disheveled shirt is shredded and powder-burned, but the bullet couldn't pierce his plated skin. Harcourt smiles with grotesquely altered teeth, starts toward Sykes.

Scared shitless, Sykes rapid-fires. One of his shots misses, shattering a crate beside Harcourt's head. The remaining shots strike Harcourt full on. Harcourt is jerked by the impact of the bullets each time, SNARLING in anger -- but none of the hits stop him. The Casull is empty and Harcourt keeps coming.

Sykes stumbles back, but Harcourt is on him in a flash. Harcourt grabs Sykes' arm holding the gun, yanks hard. We HEAR the POP as the shoulder dislocates. Sykes HOLLERS, and the gun jumps out of his hand.

C175

INT. WAREHOUSE - GUARD'S AREA - NIGHT

C17

Jetson races in, shotgun ready. The last of Sykes' shots are still ECHOING. Jetson looks around, frustrated, unable to tell exactly where they are coming from. He sees the likely path and charges that way.

D175

EXT. DOCK - AT STAIRS - NIGHT

D17

On the CUT, Sykes' body is already tumbling down these rickety stairs attached to the side of the warehouse, having been thrown ruthlessly from above. As Sykes' body sprawls on the dock, the massive figure of Harcourt appears at the top of the stairs.

Sykes, scraped and bruised, struggles to his feet. Harcourt moves down the stairs, then vaults over the railing the last fifteen feet. Sykes, holding his limp right arm, lumbers off. Harcourt lurches forward and, with a taloned grip on Sykes' shoulders, propels him down the docks.

175

EXT. STREET NEAR DOCKS - NIGHT

175

The first two arriving black and whites skid to stops at the coroner's wagon. The Officers leap out, flagging other arriving units to continue on toward the warehouses.

176

OMIT

176

A177

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

A17

Sykes is on his feet, but his knees buckle, and he almost collapses again. Harcourt comes at him. Then Sykes sees it --

-- a fishing boat chugging along past the end of one of the jetties. Sykes makes a break for it.

B177

EXT. WAREHOUSE - AT STAIRS - NIGHT

B17

Jetson charges out at the top of the rickety stairs, frantically scanning for any sign of Sykes. Then, in the distance, he spots the two figures running along the jetty -- Sykes being chased by the re-formed Harcourt. Jetson gives the water surrounding the docks an apprehensive look, then gathers up his courage, and races down the stairs to help Sykes.

C177

EXT. JETTY - NIGHT

C17

Sykes lumbers along the narrow jetty. The fishing boat is already passing the end of the jetty. Harcourt is fast behind Sykes as he reaches the end of the jetty and vaults off toward the stern of the boat -- landing on the fishing net piled on the rear deck. He yells in pain as his ankle twists under his weight.

177

EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

177

Sykes lies there, holding his arm, breathing hard, relieved that he has escaped.

A178

EXT. JETTY - NIGHT

A17

Harcourt can't reach the boat from the same jetty Sykes did, so he jumps on a platform beside this jetty, then onto a second jetty. And from here, he vaults across the seawater onto the boat!

B178

EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

B17

Sykes sees the phantom figure land on the boat near the cabin. The fishing boat chugs up the channel toward the open sea.

178

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

178

Jetson sees this and is shitting bricks. Suddenly the stark BEAM of a police helicopter sun-gun stabs down from above. Jetson looks up to see the chopper coming in low, the sun-gun washing over the docks.

179 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

179

The sun-gun hits Jetson standing on the dock, frantically waving his badge at the 'copter, signaling it down. The Pilot starts to take it down.

180 EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

180

Sykes is on all fours, clawing his way up the fishing net toward the back of the boat. Harcourt gets one hand on his leg. Sykes jerks his leg away, and Harcourt's claws dig deep through Sykes' pants into his leg as he pulls away. Sykes BELLOWS in pain.

181 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

181

Jetson is barely in the seat as it lifts away from the dock. He has to catch himself from falling out the open door. Below, uniformed cops are now seen rushing out onto the dock.

JETSON

On that boat -- out there!

Jetson indicates the fishing boat headed toward the mouth of the channel. The helicopter tilts forward and goes.

182 OMIT

182

183 EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

183

Sykes manages to pull himself up into the dinghy hanging over the stern of the fishing boat. He pushes to the back of the dinghy as Harcourt's savage visage appears at the bow. Harcourt grins -- the predator with his prey trapped.

184 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

184

Jetson's face is bathed in sweat as he looks out at the channel water racing past beneath. They come up on the boat and the Pilot plays the sun-gun onto the deck, looking for movement, finally pinning Sykes and Harcourt at the stern dinghy.

A185 EXT. BRIDGE OF FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

A18

The Captain reacts to the helicopter overhead, looks back at what the sun-gun spotlights. He sees Harcourt standing at the bow of the dinghy, starting to clamber in.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN

Hey!

B185

EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

B18

Harcourt turns, sees the Captain on the bridge above him. He reaches for a wood-handled gaff nearby. He rears back with it and lets it fly like a spear.

C185

EXT. BRIDGE OF FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

C18

The gaff impales the Captain, off-center in his chest. The Captain, his face frozen in shock, is thrown back against the throttle. The boat lunges forward as the engines REV loudly.

185

EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

185

Harcourt is thrown into the dinghy with Sykes. As Harcourt recovers, Sykes spots the release for the tie line on the dinghy. He lunges forward, throwing the ratchet. The line plays out, and the dinghy slides backwards into the water!

A186

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

A18

Jetson watches this happen.

186

EXT. DINGHY - NIGHT

186

The dinghy bangs along (at the end of the ten foot tie line) in the wake of the speeding fishing boat.

Harcourt claws his way toward Sykes. Water is already splashing in over the stern transom...the dinghy is sinking. Harcourt grabs Sykes' leg and pulls him toward him. Sykes holds on to the stern cleats with all his might. Harcourt yanks him free. Sykes kicks wildly at the ratchet release, trying to free the remainder of the line. Harcourt is coming in for the kill when --

--Sykes' foot connects with the ratchet lever. The rest of the tie line snakes through the ratchet, freeing the dinghy from the fishing boat!

The dinghy is rocking wildly, sinking fast. A wave from the fishing boat's wake splashes in over the side. Some of it hits Harcourt - he HOWLS and falls away. Sykes sees this, tries to clamber over the side, but Harcourt is on him again. Sykes' body weight at the side of the dinghy coupled with the rocking motion cause more water to wash in over the transom.

187 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT 187

Jetson reacts to Sykes and Harcourt battling in the dinghy below.

188 EXT. DINGHY - NIGHT 188

Harcourt, who is getting more and more wet, HOWLS in agony, thick blood beginning to bead wherever the water touches. Sykes is taking one hell of a beating. Harcourt sweeps Sykes up in a bear hug, is about to crush his rib cage, when Sykes shifts his body weight, knocking Harcourt off balance. Harcourt wobbles, fear on his face for the first time -- then he finally loses it, and the two of them tumble overboard into the water, capsizing the dinghy.

189 EXT. WATER - NIGHT 189

Sykes breaks the surface, gasping for air, frantically clawing with his one good arm at the wedge of dinghy still above water. Suddenly, behind him, Harcourt's partially melted form erupts from the water, lunges on top of Sykes, and drags him under.

190 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT 190

Jetson hangs in the open door, watching in horror, wanting to help, knowing he can't.

191 EXT. WATER - NIGHT 191

Sykes breaks the surface, Harcourt's misshapen lump of a body unmoving but still on top of him. Sykes shoves it away, struggling to stay afloat. His head keeps dunking under. He's drowning.

192 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT 192

Jetson screws up his courage and turns to the Pilot.

JETSON
Take it down! Take it down!

193 EXT. WATER AND HELICOPTER - NIGHT 193

The helicopter moves down toward the turbulent water. Jetson hangs in the doorway, watching Sykes' head dunking under again. The helicopter's skids are three feet above the water.

(CONTINUED)

JETSON

(to Pilot)

ALL THE WAY!

PILOT

I CAN'T! IT'LL DITCH!

Sykes' outreached hand stretches up from the water, but the skid is just too high. Jetson has no alternative, and he does the bravest thing he has ever done. He moves out onto the narrow helicopter skid. Hanging on, three feet above the water, he reaches down for Sykes' upreaching hand.

The fingertips of the two hands waver mere inches from each other...Jetson stretches farther, farther...and the two hands meet! Jetson winces from the pain of the seawater on Sykes' hand. He starts pulling Sykes up. When--

HARCOURT'S HEAD BREAKS THE SURFACE A FOOT FROM SYKES' FACE. His eye sockets are empty and his skin is mostly gone. The nearly skeletal body heaves blindly onto Sykes, breaking his grip from Jetson's, and dragging him under again.

Jetson is frantic. He keeps waiting -- but this time Sykes doesn't come up. Jetson doesn't know what to do. Finally -- he leans down as far as he can, his face a foot from the water, SCREAMS to block the pain, and plunges his own arm below the surface! He feels around, gets hold of something, and pulls. It is Sykes' wrist. He pulls hard, bringing the sputtering Sykes up out of the water.

JETSON

(to Pilot)

Take it up!

The Pilot does. Sykes comes up out of the water. His feet are just clear of the surface when -- Harcourt's hand and arm rocket out of the water, grabbing Sykes' ankle. Sykes looks down in horror. The helicopter keeps moving up, and before Harcourt's body breaks the surface, the arm tears away from the torso at the shoulder. Sykes wildly shakes the clinging severed arm from his ankle, and it falls back into the water below.

Jetson continues pulling him up into the helicopter as it moves off toward shore.

Sykes plops on the floor, soaked, battered, holding his limp arm. Jetson is quickly whipping off his jacket, wrapping the dry part around his own arm, wincing in pain. The Pilot stares down at the circle of water where they just pulled Sykes from.

PILOT

What the hell was that down there?
It was weird.

Jetson looks at Sykes, wondering if he will say. Sykes looks at Jetson a long moment, then --

SYKES

Looked like every other damn slag
to me. Just plain ugly.

Despite the pain, Jetson smiles.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

A195

INT. CHURCH ANTEROOM - DAY

A195

We are CLOSE on Sykes, who is having a hell of a time, trying to tie a tuxedo tie with one arm in a sling. A PAIR OF ALIEN ARMS reach into FRAME to help him. One of the alien arms is also in a sling.

ANGLE WIDENS to reveal the alien is Jetson. Both men wear tuxedos.

SYKES

How do I look?

JETSON

You look very good.

There's a knock at the door. Sykes opens it. There stands Sykes' daughter, KRISTIN, twenty years old, looking radiant in her wedding dress. She is in a foyer, and behind her is the interior of the church with all the assembled guests, including Mrs. Jetson & son. *

KRISTIN

Ready, Daddy...?

Sykes' heart melts. Before moving to the door:

SYKES

George, uh...I want to apologize
now, in advance, for all the rotten
things I'll ever say or do to you
over the years.

(CONTINUED)

A195

CONTINUED:

A195

Sykes moves to join his daughter. As he does:

JETSON

That is all right, Matthew. After
all, you are only human.

*
*
*

Sykes, caught off guard, has to laugh.

SYKES

(under his breath)

What a wildman...

Sykes takes his daughter's arm and the two of them
start down the aisle.

~~195~~~~OMIT~~~~195~~

FADE OUT.

THE END